



TWO POEMS,

BY FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

MARGARET'S PRAYER.

Alone—but not companionless.—
Oh no! there sits a stony thing
Close by me; on my brow and breast,
Her grasping icy fingers press;
She will not leave me any rest,
But night and day she still sits there,
And in my eyes with glassy stare
Looks with her eyes all colourless;
She is my fellow-dear—Despair.
And in my ears strange voices ring;
It is a burthen wild they sing;
And while I hear my heart stands still,
And o'er me creeps a shuddering chill;
I cannot drive the sound away:
It sings to me all night and day,
And this is what the voices say:—

"Why should'st thou weep?
Are not the waters bright and deep,
And underneath
Is there not Death?
Bidding thee leap
Into his sheltering arms and sleep,
And no more weep.

Why should'st thou live

A shameful cast-away?

Why should'st thou strive,

Day after day,

To bear the burthen of thy years,

To drink thine own despised tears,

To feed on bitter doubts and fears;

To sit with terror on thy brow,

Watching the false lip of the world

In scorn against thy downfal curl'd?

Before hee feet thy heart to throw

Who spurns thee back with sated lust,

Trampled and vile, into the dust.

Oh, is not this a goodly life!

No more a maid—never a wife.

Oh, is not shame a pleasant thing?

And loathed love—and the keen sting

Of an accusing soul—the fire

Of a consuming, vain desire.—

Oh, is not each of these a guest,

To lodge within a maiden's breast?

Why should'st thou weep?

The bud thy trembling fingers hold

Within its soft, dark, velvet fold,

Carries a draught of the pale sleep:

Drink, from the smiling gift of love;

The flower's breath

Is sweet—but far more sweet would prove

Its taste—for that is death.

Hark, the deep waters flow,

Come to thy bed below!

See, the fair blossoms glow,

Of their sweet sap drink thou!

Turn thee to sleep,

From misery,

From infamy,

Sleep—and be free!"

Mother of God! be near me!

O Mary, mother! hear me!

From this temptation save me!

The life that mercy gave me,

Oh, let thy mercy spare

From this black snare!

Mother of God! be near me!

In this tremendous hour

Uphear me with thy power!

From this steep downward path,

From the dark pit of death,

Turn thou my feet.—Oh, hear me!

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

Written upon a beautiful young woman, who, after a miserable marriage of short duration, passed through a brief period of insanity to her death at two-and-twenty.

Weep not, ye dear ones, I am now at rest;

Short was the season of my agony;

'Tis past, and I am now among the blest,

The blest for evermore, oh weep not ye!

Remember how my happy childhood fled,

Made bright by your fond love and tender care;

Of the short years time number'd o'er my head,
Many were those of joy, few of despair.

Think not of the brief torture that is past,
Still I lay safe within my father's arms;
E'en through that dark eclipse He held me fast,
And bore me quickly from all earthly harms.

No long-protracted unavailing strife
Awaited me—no flinty, endless path
To drag my bleeding feet along—for life
Smote me at once, and gave me o'er to death.

Mine eyes were not put out with scalding tears,
Pour'd, torture-like, into them day by day;
The hideous vision of dread future years
Scared them but once—and all was swept away.

Such, as I stood within my earthly home,
As bright, as pure, more glorious than before,
To God my Father's presence am I come,
To dwell in holiness for evermore!

So think of me as by His throne I stand,
Led thither through how short an agony,
How brief a wanderer in the evil land
Is one who rests for all eternity.

And weep not! Weep not! Thither shall ye come
E'en in our Father's time to find the love,
Whose lowly root was in our earthly home,
Blooming immortal in the realms above.

THE PUNJAB;

ITS TERRITORY, PEOPLE, ARMY, AND HISTORY.

The grave events of which the Punjab is destined to be the theatre—for we cannot hope that the war which has just commenced will have an early close—require that we should give a brief description of the country and its inhabitants, and also a sketch of its history, more particularly since the death of Runjeet Singh. It was that sagacious potentate who first consolidated this wealthy and noble kingdom. He ruled it, if despotically, yet with sufficient wisdom and firmness, to repress the turbulent spirit of the people, and to preserve internal peace, while he made important acquisitions from without, and continually extended the frontiers of his dominions. In our account we follow chiefly an excellent little work recently published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, entitled "The Punjab," by Lieut.-Colonel Steinbach, an officer who was in the service of Runjeet Singh for eight years, and who has incorporated the observations of the most trustworthy writers with the results of his own experience.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRITORY.

The word Punjab is formed of two Persian words. *Punj*, five, and *ab*, waters; the five rivers which flow through and water this noble territory, conferring on it an appropriate name. The outermost of these rivers on each side enclose the kingdom; the Ravee on the west and the Sutlej on the east, marking its boundaries too clearly to be mistaken. In some parts the Punjab extends beyond the confines of these rivers, as at Peshawar, which Runjeet submitted to his authority, but generally they may be said to enclose it, the northern boundary being formed by the range of the Caucasus, or Himalaya. In extent the Punjab is larger than Great Britain, and contains some of the most beautiful and fertile provinces of India.

The four divisions of territory formed by the five rivers have each in the native language the prefix of *Daab*, signifying a tongue of land, made by the confluence of two rivers. The streams are of advantage to the surrounding country in two ways. They serve for purposes of irrigation, and as canals for carrying on traffic, most of them being navigable for a considerable distance. The plains they water are in general level and fertile, yielding an abundant return of produce for the slight and unskilful labour employed in their tillage. Artificial canals connected with the rivers are cut through the cultivated lands, and greatly increase their fertility.

The nearer the rivers are approached, the more valuable are the lands, and the more abundant their produce. Wheat, rice, and other descriptions of grain, grow in rich luxuriance, and even with the slight skill and labour bestowed on them, the cotton-tree, the sugar-cane, opium, and indigo, flourish here as well as in any part of the world. The gardens, many of which are carefully tended, yield an ample supply of the finest fruits; oranges, peaches, grapes, lemons, pomegranates, mangoes, dates, figs, apples, and mulberries, are produced in perfection. Flowers of all kinds are yielded spontaneously by the ground. As the plains are farther removed from the rivers, the soil is less fertile, large tracts of country being wholly covered with jungle; but, as the hill districts are reached, the country becomes beautifully diversified, and yields almost every variety of produce.

Cattle in the Punjab are abundant. Large herds of buffaloes and flocks of sheep are bred, though the former are only used for their milk and hides, and the latter for their wool. Horses are bred extensively in the Punjab, and camels are numerous. Herds of deer, with a variety of animals of chase, roam in the unclaimed districts. The rivers partake of the general fertility of the country, swarming with fine mullet, carp, and a number of other species unknown in Europe. They contribute materially to the subsistence of the people, furnishing, in addition to the amply-stocked yards of poultry, and the pheasants, partridges, and other descriptions of fowl with which the wild country abounds, all the flesh the inhabitants desire for their food.

It is known that excellent mines of iron, copper, salt, coal, and other minerals abound in the Punjab, but dislike to calling in European skill for their working has hitherto prevented the Sikh Government from taking advantage of the immense wealth that lies below the surface of the soil.

Numerous towns and villages are situated in the vicinity of the rivers, but, notwithstanding the power of the kingdom under Runjeet, no great pains were taken to fortify its principal places. The country, therefore, can offer no effectual resistance to an invader. Lahore, the capital, is surrounded only by an imperfect brick wall, and the extent of its fortifications, seven miles, renders it impossible that it can be efficiently defended. This town is wealthy, though the narrowness of the streets, common to all Eastern cities, and the long ranges of blank walls, give it a mean and dingy appearance. It has yet some splendid remains of the Mahomedan dynasty; and in the time of Runjeet carried on a considerable traffic, both with British India and the surrounding states. It has manufactories of arms, of shawls, etc., and some of the workmen are remarkable for their dexterity. Umrutur is somewhat larger than Lahore, and, from having been favoured by Runjeet, is of greater commercial importance. It has a strong fortress, which serves as the regal treasury and the arsenal.

The level country of the Punjab rises towards the north, and becomes extremely intricate. In the recesses of mountains, and in their difficult passes, the hill chiefs have sometimes been enabled to defy the power of Runjeet himself, and it is evident that it would be from this part of the Punjab that an invader would have to encounter the most determined resistance. The Indian papers have long called for the seizure of this kingdom; but it seems probable, from the character of the people,—turbulent, warlike, and numerous,—and from the obstacles opposed by the country itself to the work of subjugation, that it can be reduced to British dominion only by years of severe and almost constant conflict. At the extreme north is the fine province of Cashmere, so famed in the pages of romance, and in the shawl-warehouses of fashion. The whole of the Punjab is generally healthy, but varies materially with the seasons and the locality. The heat is greatest in June, and is sometimes excessive, the thermometer rising in tents artificially cooled at Lahore to 112 deg.: this degree of heat is, however, rare. The severity of the winter is little felt in the plains of the Punjab, the thermometer in January or February not often falling lower than 70 deg. at midday. The health of the people is so good that the mortality of the army from natural causes is not found to exceed one per cent per annum. The northern provinces present, perhaps, the finest climate of the world, and some of the most magnificent scenes of nature. The winters are occasionally severe, the mountains being for months covered with the snow which falls in December. Among the heights and valleys of this northern district almost every variety of climate and of vegetation can be found within the compass of a limited tract. The summer in Cashmere is extremely beautiful. The population here rises into a more stalwart race than in the plains, resembling in vigour and disposition the inhabitants of Afghanistan. By possessing himself of Peshawar, Runjeet secured his kingdom from invasion from that quarter, and greatly strengthened his position.

THE INHABITANTS.

The Sikh population of the Punjab is generally estimated at about four millions. They are a fine race, more muscular in person than the Hindoos, and endowed correspondingly with more animal spirit and firmness of mind. Their diet, though simple, is of a higher kind; beef is forbidden, and mutton but little used; but they eat plentifully of fish, fowls, condiments, vegetables, and fruits.

The Sikhs owe their name to their religion. Originally Hindoos or Mahomedans, Nanac Shah, the son of a salt-merchant, appeared, towards the close of the fifteenth century, to announce a new faith. This man had been a pious Hindoo, but, conceiving that many of his tenets must be superstitious inventions and offensive to God, he began to preach a new religion, founded on pure Deism. He declared the one God to be the only being worthy of worship, and that thousands of Mahomedans and Vishnus stand before the gates of his everlasting dwelling. He denounced idol worship as contrary to the homage due to the Supreme Being, but he encouraged all sects to join him, by an assurance that all good men, whatever their faith, were acceptable to the Most High. By his labours, his preaching, his contempt of worldly goods, and his asserted miracles, Nanac Shah collected numerous followers, who called themselves Sikhs, a Sanscrit term, applicable to the disciples of any religious teacher. This term spread with the spread of the new faith, until it became applied to all the inhabitants of the Punjab. As the religion of Nanac Shah was rather remarkable for what it denied and rejected than for what it taught, the disciples of other creeds have engrafted their ceremonies and tenets on it, so that the Sikhs may still be regarded as Hindoos and Mahomedans, united together by the spirit of tolerance which Nanac Shah insisted on as a fundamental part of his teaching. As the Sikhs extended their conquests in the Punjab, the leading chiefs took the title of Singh, or Lion, by which all the leading Punjaubees are now distinguished.

The Punjab first rose into political importance under the rule of Runjeet Singh. His ancestors played a conspicuous part in the wars that desolated this splendid country in the middle of the last century. Under their guidance the Sikh chiefs finally became masters of the country; but, acknowledging no leader, war only gave place to a still worse evil—anarchy. By a series of successes and prudent measures, the father of Runjeet became possessed of a wide extent of territory, and of considerable authority. At his death, in 1792, Runjeet succeeded him, and soon became the acknowledged ruler of the whole country.

The first connection of our Government with Runjeet arose out of our war with some Sikh states beyond the limits of the Punjab. The alliance of Runjeet was courted by either party, but he wisely preferred an arrangement which allowed him to remain neutral. At last, the Sikh states concluded a peace with the British Government, and Runjeet was one of the subscribing parties. The treaty was signed in 1806. Two years later flattering overtures were made by Bonaparte to Runjeet; and Mr. Metcalfe, now Lord Metcalfe, was deputed by the British Government to negotiate with the great Sikh ruler. Runjeet, however, who had his eye on the countries east of the Sutlej, determined on a rapid movement, and, before giving an answer to Mr. Metcalfe, advanced with his troops across that river, entered the country which the Sikh chiefs have so recently invaded, and marched to Umballa. He seized the whole country, and made it over to his dependents. The British Government promptly interfered: it declared the whole country invaded was under its protection, and called on Runjeet to withdraw his forces. As he refused, a British army was assembled, and he was decisively informed that he must consider the Sutlej to be the boundary of his kingdom.

On this occasion Runjeet gave proof of the sagacity which eminently distinguished him. He perceived the inability of his troops, though much superior to those of his Indian opponents, to cope with the organised skill of a

British army. He expressed a wish to negotiate, and the terms were soon agreed on, the Sutlej being fixed as the boundary of his empire. The main stipulations of the treaty are worth giving here, in consequence of the daring violation of them by the late invasion:—

"Article 1st.—Perpetual friendship shall subsist between the British Government and the State of Lahore: the latter shall be considered, with respect to the former, to be on the footing of the most favoured powers, and the British Government will have no concern with the territories and subjects of the Rajah to the northward of the river Sutlej.

"Article 2d.—The Rajah will never maintain in the territory which he occupies on the left bank of the Sutlej more troops than are necessary for the internal duties of the territory, nor commit or suffer any encroachment on the possessions or rights of the chiefs in its vicinity.

"Article 3d.—In the event of a violation of any of the preceding articles, or of a departure from the rules of friendship on the part of either state, this treaty shall be considered to be null and void." (The fourth and last article provides for the exchange of ratifications.)

At the same time the Sikh states south and west of the Sutlej were formally received under British protection. To his treaty Runjeet Singh steadily adhered with inviolable faith. His constant answer to all persuasions urging him to break it was: that the British Government had been faithful to him, and he would prove himself worthy their confidence.

In 1831 Lieut. Burnes visited Runjeet at Lahore, and from that date our communications with him became more frequent, in consequence of the preparations made for the invasion of Afghanistan. New treaties were made on the basis of former ones, Runjeet throughout remaining steadfast to the alliance he had formed, and leaving at his death, in 1839 his kingdom on terms of perfect friendship with the British Government. Less than six years have sufficed to destroy the prudent labours of his life, to throw his kingdom back into the anarchy from which he reclaimed it, and to wantonly break, by a most wicked and unjustifiable invasion, an alliance of forty years' standing with the rulers of British India.

THE ARMY.

Runjeet left his treasury well stored, and his army in a state of admirable efficiency. His conquests were all prudently designed to increase the solid greatness and security of his state, and, once made, they were vigorously maintained. In the book of Colonel Steinbach are some details of the Punjab army, as left by Runjeet, which will be read with peculiar interest at the present time:—

"This force, consisting of about 110,000 men, is divided into regulars and irregulars; the former of whom, about 70,000 strong, are drilled and appointed according to the European system. The cavalry branch of the disciplined force amounts to nearly 13,000, and the infantry and artillery to 60,000 more. The irregulars, variously armed and equipped, are nearly 40,000 strong, of which number upwards of 20,000 are cavalry, the remainder consisting of infantry and matchlock-men, while the contingents, which the sirdars or chiefs are obliged to parade on the requisition of the sovereign, amount to considerably above 30,000 more. The artillery consisted in Runjeet's time of 376 guns, and 370 swivels mounted on camels, or on light carriages adapted to their size. There is no distinct corps of artillery as in other services, but there are 4,000 or 5,000 men, under a daroga, trained to the duty of gunners, and these are distributed with the ordnance throughout the regular army. The pay of the sepoys of the regular army of the Punjab is higher than that of the same class in the army of the East India Company, each common soldier receiving ten rupees per mensem. The troops of the irregulars receive twenty-five rupees each, out of which they provide their arms and clothing, and feed their horse, putting the Government to no other expense whatever for their services.

"Enlistment in the regular army of the Punjab is quite voluntary, and the service is so popular that the army could upon an emergency be increased to almost any amount. The soldiery are exceedingly apt in acquiring a knowledge of their military duties; but they are so averse to control that instances of insubordination are common; latterly, indeed, open mutiny has frequently characterised the relations of officer and soldier. Insubordination is punished—when punishment is practicable—with confinement, loss of pay, or extra duty. But in the present state of military disorganization no means of chastising rebellion are available.

"Only twenty-three years have elapsed since the military force in the Punjab consisted of a large and undisciplined horde. In 1822 the first European officers presented themselves at Runjeet Singh's durbar, seeking military service and entertainment. These were Messrs. Allard and Ventura, who had served in the French army until the annihilation of Napoleon Bonaparte deprived them of employment. At first Runjeet Singh, with the suspicion common to a native Indian prince, received them coldly; and his distrust of their purposes was heightened by the Punjaabee chieftains, who were naturally jealous of the introduction of Europeans into the military service; but a submissive and judicious letter from these officers removed the apprehensions of the Maharajah, and he, with the spirit and originality of a man of genius, admitted them into his service, appointing them instructors of his troops in the European system of drill and warfare. The good conduct and wise management of these gentlemen speedily removed Runjeet Singh's prejudices against Europeans; and, the door to employment being thrown open, several military men entered the service of the Maharajah, and at the close of his reign there were not less than a dozen receiving his pay, and, to use an Indian expression, 'eating his salt.' The successors of Runjeet Singh, however, did not look with an eye of favour upon men who were not to be bought, and whose sense of personal dignity revolted at the treatment to which the unbridled Sikh chieftains were inclined to subject them. The greater part accordingly resigned their commissions; some of them retiring with ample fortunes, and others seeking honourable employment elsewhere.

"The Sikh army until lately was considered by many British officers who had the opportunity of seeing it to have been in a fair state of discipline. They form very correct lines, but in manœuvring their movements are too slow, and they would, in consequence, be in danger, from a body of British cavalry, of being successfully charged during a change of position. They would also run the risk of having their flanks turned by their inability to follow the motion of an European enemy with equal rapidity.

"The arms, that is to say, the muskets, are of very inferior stamp, incapable of throwing a ball to any distance, and on quick and repeated discharges liable to burst. Their firing is bad, owing to the very small quantity of practice ammunition allowed by the Government; not more than ten balls out of a hundred, at the distance of as many paces, would probably tell upon an enemy's ranks. They still preserve the old system of three ranks, the front one kneeling when firing and then rising to load, a method in action liable to create confusion.

"In person, the infantry soldiers are tall and thin, with good features and full beards; their superior height is owing to the extraordinary length of their lower limbs. They are capable of enduring the fatigue of long marches for several days in succession, (the author having on one occasion marched with his regiment a distance of 300 miles within twelve days), and are, generally speaking, so hardy that exposure to oppressive heats or heavy rains has little effect upon them. In a great measure this is the result of custom. Excepting in the vicinity of Lahore and Peshawur, there are few regular quarters or cantonments; the men occupy small tents, or bivouac in ruined Mahomedan mosques or caravanserais.

"The drum and fife and bugle are in general use in the Sikh infantry regiments; and in some of the favorite royal corps of Runjeet Singh an attempt was made to introduce a band of music, but a graft of European melody upon Punjaabee discord did not produce, as may be imagined, a very harmonious result.

"The cavalry of the Sikh army is very inferior in every respect to the infantry. While the latter are carefully picked from large bodies of candidates for service, the former are composed of men of all sorts and sizes and ages who get appointed solely through the interest of the different sirdars. They are mean-looking, ill-dressed, and, as already stated, wretchedly mounted. Their horse trappings are of leather of the worst quality, and their saddles are of the same miserable material, and badly constructed. When the horse is in motion, the legs and arms of the rider wave backwards and forwards, right and left, by way, as it were, of keeping time with the pace of the animal bestriden. The horses are small, meagre, and ill-shaped, with the aquiline nose which so peculiarly proclaims inferiority of breed. In the field the conduct of the Sikh cavalry has generally corresponded with their appearance and efficiency. They are totally deficient of firmness in the hour of struggle, and only charge the foe when a vast superiority of numerical force gives them a sort of warranty of success. An anecdote occurs to the writer at this moment, which, as illustrating at once the efficiency of the Sikh troopers and the character of Akbar Khan, who afterwards became so famous in the annals of warfare by his treachery towards the British at Cabul, and by his total overthrow by the gallant Sale, will probably be read with interest.

"In an engagement at Peshawur, in 1837, between the Afghans and the Sikhs, the former were at the commencement driven off the field into the defiles of the Khyber mountains. The Sikh cavalry, embracing the favourable moment, to the number of 3,000, dashed into the Khyber in pursuit. The favorite son of Dost Mahomed Khan had given battle in direct disobedience to the injunctions of his father, who had prohibited a collision under any circumstances.

"Upon witnessing the flight of his troops, together with the loss of some pieces of artillery, in the moment of despair at the consequences he had brought upon himself, turning to his own personal suite, of which about 100 had remained with him, he addressed them briefly on the shame and disgrace which awaited their conduct; and, being determined not to survive the disasters of the day, he induced them to make a last effort to retrieve their ill fortune. The Sikhs had now precipitated themselves about two miles into this fatal pass, which allowed but four horsemen to work abreast.

"The little band above mentioned, with their leader at their head, resigning themselves to the will of the Comptroller of all Destinies, with their war shout of 'Allah Akbar!' threw themselves headlong on the foremost of their pursuers, who, by the superior weight of their Toorkee chargers, the nervous blows from the vigorous arms of their assailants, and the meteor-like charge, were on the instant overwhelmed and dismounted. The sudden check so unexpectedly sustained threw the Sikhs into confusion; and, being ignorant of the number of their opponents, they wheeled round, and pell-mell rode over their own masses!—the Mahomedan sabre all the time doing its work brilliantly. Upwards of five hundred were left dead and wounded on the field, and the career of the faithful was only arrested by the bayonets of the Sikh infantry. Here the charger of their brave leader, Akbar Khan, received three musket balls and three bayonet wounds, and had one of his hind legs shattered by a spent ball. The noble animal fell; and luckily for his rider was it so ordained, for, at the moment he was hurled to the ground, a volley from the whole Sikh infantry emptied every saddle within range of its burden!

"It is no more than just, however, to set off the foregoing anecdote by stating that the bravest troops of all nations have, at some time or other, been overthrown by a *coup de main* and its consequent panic. It might be invidious to particularize the instances, and would certainly be superfluous, for some of them are still fresh in the recollection of the present generation.

"But although the Sikh soldiery may not claim credit for a greater degree of prowess than other Oriental troops, he possesses some qualities invaluable to the military man. He has the faculty of subsisting upon a very small quantity of food—a faculty peculiarly favourable to the indulgence of his avarice; and he is capable of enduring great fatigue, and of accomplishing marches that none but the Turkoman Tartars can perform. The distance from Lahore to Peshawur is three hundred miles, and it has often been done in eleven days. The Sikhs have, indeed, acquired, from their remarkable pedestrian qualities, the epithet of iron-legged.

"It has been said above that the Sikhs are arrogant and insubordinate; it should be added, that they are less so in the field than in garrison, and it is only reasonable to conclude that even in quarters they would be more tractable were they governed by European officers. Hitherto there has never been at any one time more than twenty Europeans with the entire regular army of seventy thousand men.

"In addition to the regular and irregular army, the Lahore Government has also in its pay a body of irregular cavalry (to the number of between two and three thousand), called Akkalees. They are religious fanatics, who acknowledge no ruler or laws but their own; think nothing of robbery, or even murder, should they happen to be in the humour for it, Runjeet Singh himself having more than on one occasion narrowly escaped assassination by them. They are without any exception the most insolent and worthless race of people under the sun. They move about constantly armed to the teeth, insulting everybody they meet, particularly Europeans; and it is not an uncommon thing to see them riding about with a drawn sword in each hand, two more in their belt, a matchlock at their back, and three or four quoits fastened round their turbans. The quoit is an arm peculiar to this race of people: it is a steel ring, varying from six to nine inches in diameter, and about an inch in breadth, very thin, and the edges ground very sharp: they throw it with more force than dexterity, but not so (as alleged) as to be able to lop off a limb at sixty or eighty yards. In general, the bystanders are in greater danger than the object aimed at. Runjeet Singh did much towards reducing this worthless race of people to a state of subjection, but he only partially succeeded, and latterly they have become more intolerant than ever. They, however, fight with desperation, and

are always employed upon the most dangerous service. In 1815, when the Maharajah's army was investing the city of Mooltan, the Afghans made so protracted and determined a resistance that Runjeet Singh was induced to offer very advantageous terms compared to what he was in the habit of doing under similar circumstances; and, during the progress of the negotiations, an Akalee, named Sadhoo Singh, with a few companions, advanced to the fausse braye, and without orders, in one of their fits of enthusiasm, attacked the Afghans, who were either sleeping or careless on their watch, and killed every man; the Sikh army took advantage of the opportunity, and, rushing on, in two hours carried the citadel. Muzaffer Khan and his four sons being all cut down in the gateway after a gallant defence."

From this description it must be evident that the conquest of the Punjab, and particularly of the mountain districts, will be no easy task for the British forces. If the prize is rich, the expense of securing it will not be slight. But our Government has now no alternative. The Sikh soldiery can only be restrained from reckless warfare by the firm control of a stern hand, and the authority of England must be extended over the whole country before we can be secure from a repetition of the bloody battles which have recently occurred.

FUNERAL OF RUNJEET SINGH.

The obsequies of Runjeet were celebrated with extraordinary splendour, and with them the glory of his kingdom may be said to have departed. We follow again the work of Col. Steinbach:—

"From the death of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh may be dated the commencement of the scenes of anarchy and confusion which to this moment have existed in the Punjab. For some months previous to his demise from his extreme debility and loss of speech from paralysis, public business had been almost entirely neglected, the revenue misapplied, and order or method nearly annihilated. A few days previous to the event, the 28th June, 1839, the Maharajah, conscious of his approaching end, ordered the whole of his superior officers, European and native, to be assembled in his presence, and caused them to take the oath of allegiance to the heir apparent, his son, the Koorwar Kurruck Singh; the consequences of which were, that, contrary to the general expectation, he succeeded to the throne of his father without the slightest tumult or opposition. Runjeet Singh was surrounded in his last moments by his favourite minister, the Rajah Dhyen Singh, the chief officers of his household, and the principal ecclesiastics of the kingdom, upon which latter he bestowed the most extravagant donations. Amongst other bequests, he directed that the far famed Koh-i-Noor diamond, valued at a million sterling, which he had so disreputably obtained possession of from Shah Soojah, should be given to the high priests of the celebrated temple of Juggernaut, a place of great sanctity, situated in the south of Bengal, whither religious fanatics, at a certain season annually, are in the habit of making a pilgrimage from the remotest parts of India; but the intention of this latter bequest was not fulfilled, and, from recent accounts, the Koh-i-Moor is still in the Lahore treasury. For many years towards the latter period of his life, Runjeet Singh had been hoarding treasure, which may be estimated to have amounted at his decease to about eight crores of rupees in cash, or the same number of millions of pounds sterling with jewels, shawls, horses, elephants, &c., to several millions more. Even at the present time, although much has been abstracted from the royal treasury, during the constant succession of troubles, it is doubtful if any court in Europe possessed such valuable jewels as the court of Lahore. Some idea of the vast property accumulated by Runjeet Singh may be formed from the circumstance of no less than 1,300 various kinds of bridles, massively ornamented with gold and silver, some of them even with diamonds, being found in the royal treasury.

"The funeral obsequies of this extraordinary man were too remarkable not to be mentioned here. Upon his death being made public, the whole of the Sikh sirdars at Lahore assembled to do honour to his suttie, and four of his favourite queens, together with seven female slaves, having, in conformity with the horrible practice of the country, expressed their intention of burning themselves upon his funeral pile, preparations were immediately made for the solemnity. It is said that much dissuasion is exercised in cases of suttie; ostensibly such may be the case; but in private every argument to the contrary is made use of by the relations of the wretched victim, and the promise once given cannot be retracted. A street of a double line of infantry having been formed, the procession proceeded at a slow pace to its destination, only a quarter of a mile distant, and within the precincts of the palace. The corpse of the late Maharajah, placed upon a splendidly gilt car, constructed in the form of a ship, with sails of gilt cloth to waft him (according to native superstition) into paradise, was borne upon the shoulders of soldiers, preceded by a body of native musicians, playing their wild and melancholy airs. His four queens, dressed in their most sumptuous apparel, then followed, each in a separate gilt chair, borne upon the shoulders of their attendants; the female slaves followed on foot. Before each of the queens was carried a large mirror and gilt parasol, the emblems of their rank. After them came the successor to the throne, the Maharajah Kurruck Singh, attended by the whole of the Sikh sirdars, barefooted, and clothed in white; none but persons of noble rank being permitted to join the procession. To the last moment of this terrible sacrifice the queens exhibited the most perfect equanimity; far from evincing any dread of the terrible death which awaited them, they appeared in a high state of excitement, and ascended the funeral pile with alacrity. The slaves also appeared perfectly resigned, but less enthusiastic. The body of the Maharajah having been placed upon the pile, his queens seated themselves around it, when the whole were covered over with a canopy of the most costly Kashmir shawls. The Maharajah Kurruck Singh, then taking a lighted torch in his hand, pronounced a short prayer, set fire to the pile, and in an instant the whole mass, being composed of very ignitable material, was in flames. The noise from the *tom toms* (drums) and shouts of the spectators immediately drowned any exclamation from the wretched victims. It was with some difficulty that the Rajah Dhyen Singh (Runjeet's minister), under strong excitement was prevented from throwing himself into the flames. Considerable doubt has been thrown over the sincerity of this intended act of self-devotion; but the general opinion was that he fully intended it from the apparent absence of any motive for hypocrisy. The ashes of the founder of the Sikh dynasty were afterwards collected together and thrown into the Ganges, in conformity with the religious custom of the country."

INTRIGUES AND REVOLUTIONS AFTER RUNJEET'S DEATH.

Kurruck Singh, who had quietly succeeded to the supreme authority, was not long allowed to retain undisputed possession of it. The weakness and vice of his character soon appeared. He neglected Dhyen Singh, the confidential minister of his father; gave himself up to debauchery, and choosing his own favourites, intrusted the direction of his affairs to one of them, Cheyt Singh. Dhyen Singh was not a man to be braved with impunity. Originally a soldier in one of Runjeet's troops, his talents and activity had recommended

him to the favour of the Maharajah, and, together with his brothers Gholab and Soochet Singh he had risen to the highest positions of the state, had acquired extensive territories, and had formed a powerful party. His son, Heera Singh, a youth of singular talent and firmness, had been taken into the favour of Runjeet some time before his death, and had helped to extend his father's influence. His family now united against the new monarch, whose son, Prince Noo Nehal Singh, a young and dissolute man, readily entered into the design of the conspirators, whose first aim was to remove the obnoxious favourite of the monarch. A chosen band, headed by Dhyen Singh himself, broke into the private apartment of the Maharajah at night, and, seizing Cheyt Singh, murdered him in his master's sight. The confederation was too powerful to be resisted, and from this time the power of Kurruck Singh virtually ceased. He was soon afterwards deposed, and Noo Nehal, without opposition, succeeded to the supreme authority.

The Rajah Dhyen was now successful; but he speedily found that the new Maharajah was little inclined to submit to the rule of himself and his family, and he only retained his station and power through the extreme favour with which his son, Heera Singh, was regarded by the Maharajah. As weak as he was dissolute, the court of Lahore, under the rule of Noo Nehal, became a scene of the vilest debauchery. He vaunted loudly his intention to invade British India, and give it as a spoil to his troops, exciting in their minds a lust for plunder, which continued to grow until it burst forth in the recent invasion. It is said that on one occasion he drew his sword in open durbar, and swore never to sheathe it until he had conquered Hindostan. The wily and experienced minister Dhyen Singh must have laughed at these idle boasts, and perhaps to his contrivance we are to trace the startling events that followed.

Kurruck Singh died after a short illness in confinement. The popular belief was, that he expired from the effects of slow poison administered by his son's orders. It was determined, however, that he should have a splendid funeral. The Maharajah attended it, seated in a silver howdah, on a magnificent elephant. Two victims threw themselves on the pile to burn with the royal corpse; but a greater sacrifice was in reserve. As the Maharajah returned from the suttee, his elephant (this is the only account ever received of the transaction) struck against one of the pillars of masonry, that form the gate of the royal palace of Lahore. Instantly the whole arch gave way. The Maharajah was mortally wounded by the falling pile, and never spoke afterwards; a nephew of Dhyen Singh, who was on the same elephant, was killed on the spot. Suspicion has pointed to the minister as the contriver of this frightful catastrophe, but no proofs have ever been brought forward in support of it.

Dhyen Singh and his family were now the virtual rulers of the kingdom. They determined on offering the crown to Shere Singh, a son of Runjeet, but never acknowledged by him as legitimate. After some opposition, they carried their point, and Shere Singh, who had hitherto remained in retirement, arrived at Lahore to be invested with sovereignty. But the minister who had bred so many intrigues found himself now unable to repress the spirit he had raised. The kingdom was becoming disorganised, and the leading chiefs could no longer be induced to submit to authority. The mother of Noo Nehal asserted that the wife of her son, a girl of eight years of age, was with child. The story was disbelieved, but it answered its purpose. The mother of the deceased Maharajah gained many partisans, was nominated Queen Regent, and all the orders of Government were issued in her name. Rather than risk a struggle, Shere Singh withdrew, and Dhyen Singh at the same time retired, leaving to his elder brother, Gholab, the duty of watching his interests. This retirement was, probably, only intended to last until forces could be collected to oppose the dominant party. Shere Singh applied to the European officers who had been in the service of Runjeet, but they declined to interfere. Dhyen Singh acted more certainly by his intrigues. Shere Singh set off from his retirement attended by only 500 troops. At the gates of Lahore he was joined by 7,000 men, with their artillery; and a bombardment of the city was commenced. The Queen Regent expressed a wish to negotiate, and Dhyen Singh became the mediator between the parties. The result was what might have been anticipated. Shere Singh's right to the crown was acknowledged; the Queen Regent withdrew, and was shortly after strangled by her own shawl-girls.

Dhyen Singh and his family, under the rule of the Maharajah Shere Singh, held undisputed influence. But they found themselves unable to repress the disorders they had raised. The soldiery, now conscious of their power, demanded an increase of pay. One party seized and rifled a Government treasure chest. Other bands rose against their officers and murdered them. Lt. Col. Foulkes, a British officer in the Punjab service, commanding a large body of cavalry, was killed by his troops; and Lieut.-Col. Ford, another British officer, after being plundered of all he possessed, even to the ring on his finger, escaped to Peshawar, only to die there of the ill treatment he had received. The governor of Cashmere was murdered by his soldiers in open court. At Lahore, the house of General Court, one of the most esteemed officers of Runjeet, was plundered of all it possessed, and the general himself narrowly escaped assassination. General Ventura, for many years the governor of Peshawar, who had retired to Lahore, barely escaped with his life. The army was completely disorganised, and the Maharajah and his Minister saw that their only chance of safety was to submit to all that the soldiery demanded. Their pay was raised, and they received four months' leave of absence.

Relieved from the pressure of immediate danger, Shere Singh gave himself up to debauchery. Though destitute of the talent and firmness by which alone he could have maintained his station, he does not appear to have been wanting in sense. He strongly opposed all idea of invasion of Hindostan, expressed himself favourable to the English alliance, and freely allowed our troops under Generals Pollock and Nott a passage through the Punjab territory on their retreat from Cabul. His policy irritated the Sikh troops, and a plot was formed against him under the auspices of Ajeet Singh, his brother-in-law. Once more, but for the last time, Dhyen Singh took part against the master he served. The conspiracy was brought to a head by a rumour that the Maharajah was seeking the protection of the British Government.

In September, 1844, the Maharajah attended a review of the cavalry of Ajeet Singh, in a plain near Lahore. Ajeet, under some pretence, feigned to present an English rifle to the Maharajah but in the act turned the muzzle to his victim's breast, and shot him through the heart. His attendants were instantly overpowered, and his head, severed from his corpse, was carried on a pole around the camp of the murderer. Ajeet, with the minister Dhyen, returned to Lahore, triumphantly, in the same chariot. It is said that on the way a dispute arose as to the new form of government; but, however that was, it is certain that Ajeet, at a moment when the rajah was unprepared, drew forth a dagger and plunged it in his heart. Thus fell the famous and favourite min-

ister of Runjeet—a man of great natural ability, who under another government might have risen to honourable greatness. But, except under the control of despotic power, it seems there is some restless devil in the spirit of an Asiatic which continually tempts him to treachery and intrigue. If the materials exist, the life of the Rajah Dhyen Singh would be well worth writing, as a memorable example of the rise, the fate, and the character of an Asiatic premier.

After this bloody act, Ajeet Singh entered Lahore in a merciless mood. He seized the whole family of the late Maharajah, and put them to the sword, even to an infant born in the Zenana that day. Then, shutting himself up in the citadel with his forces, he waited, with the ferocious indifference of a wild beast overgorged with blood, the coming of the foes who he knew would soon be upon him.

A large force was speedily collected by Heera Singh, burning with desire to avenge his father's murder. He invested the citadel, and opened a heavy fire of artillery on the walls. A breach was soon made, and the fortress carried by assault. Ajeet, as cowardly as he was brutal, endeavoured to escape by letting himself down by a rope from an unfrequented part of the fortress. He was seized and his head presented to his conqueror, who rewarded the soldiers who brought it with 10,000 rupees.

After this conquest it was resolved in council to place on the throne a reputed son of the late Runjeet. This boy, Dhuleep Singh, was then ten years of age. Heera was appointed the minister. For a time there seemed a promise that this able young man would have succeeded in maintaining his position and in restoring order. The demand of the soldiery for a new increase of pay he was compelled to comply with, but he showed some wisdom in his other arrangements. The first serious danger with which he was threatened arose from the jealousy of his uncle, Sochet Singh, who left his province to endeavour to supplant his nephew as minister. Heera had hitherto managed so well that not a single soldier was found to join this new pretender. His retreat being cut off, he shut himself up in a temple near Lahore, and there perished with his followers, fighting to the last against the forces employed to subdue him.

Heera now found a new and more dangerous enemy in his remaining uncle, Gholab Singh. This chief headed a confederation against the young minister. A bloody battle was fought, and Heera was again triumphant. A third combination, more formidable than the previous ones, at length overthrew him.

In the Punjab, as in all other countries, there are an aristocracy of birth, and an aristocracy of fortune; there are peers and parvenues. It was the ill lot of Heera that he belonged to the latter class, and that he could trace his descent no higher than his grandfather. The old chiefs of the kingdom, proud of their hereditary honours, had always viewed the person and family of Dhyen Singh with dislike as new men. They now formed an alliance against the minister, engaging the mother of the young Maharajah in their design. The instant Heera heard of this plot he took prompt measures to disconcert it. He engaged a trusty body guard, and resolved on the seizure of one of the prime agents of the conspiracy, the Sirdar Jowahir, one of the young Maharajah's uncles. But this chief was too quick for him. He collected a chosen force speedily, attacked Heera in his house, and compelled him to flight. Then, before the young minister could rally his party, his foes pursued him with an overwhelming superiority of force. His cousin, Sohun Singh (son of the Rajah Gholab), with a band of troops, was among his pursuers. With not more than 500 or 600 men, Heera at last turned; we have no authentic account of the conflict that ensued. One report says that Heera, after defeat, fled to a hut for refuge, which being surrounded with fire, he came forth, and was instantly slain; another states that he died fighting hand to hand with his foes, and that great slaughter was committed before he was subdued. Thus perished the last man whose authority might probably have restrained the troops, and have brought the affairs of the kingdom into some form of order.

The Sirdar Jowahir now stepped into the vacant place of first minister. His rule was instantly disputed by Gholab Singh, the last member of the family of Dhyen Singh now remaining. After some delay, Gholab came down from his mountain residence and encamped with his troops before Lahore. An arrangement was entered into between him and the minister, and Gholab entered Lahore; did homage to the young Maharajah, and afterwards withdrew to his domains of Jumnoo.

It would seem probable that the progress of internal strife was now checked by the preparations for an invasion of the British territory. This scheme has been long in contemplation. At a meeting of the Sikh chiefs, held under the presidency of Tej Singh, their commander, at the commencement of the last year, a resolution of war was almost unanimously come to. From the numbers of the invading force, from their unanimous action, and from the strength of their artillery and great store of ammunition, it is evident that the expedition is no sudden movement of a portion of the troops, but is an invasion deliberately planned and organized by the Sikh leaders. While we were congratulating ourselves on the temporary tranquillity that prevailed at Lahore, the expedition was in progress that, descending suddenly and without warning on the territory of British India, has caused deplorable havoc in our brave army.

With this invasion the turbulence and ferocity of the Sikh chiefs and their followers must end. They must no longer be permitted to desolate the fairest plains of India by their violence, nor pursue a merciless career of slaughter and rapine. Runjeet Singh raised his army to a high point of efficiency, supplied it with splendid trains of artillery, well-officered and trained his regiments, and accustomed them to constant victory. Proud of their arms and numbers, they believed themselves invincible, and perhaps are hardly yet undeceived by the result of the late conflicts. It is sufficiently plain that British India can hope for no peace until their force is effectually broken up and disarmed, and their country occupied by British power. But for the concentration of a large force on the frontier, the Sikh army would have penetrated into Delhi, murdering and plundering as they went. Its course of aggression has been checked, though at a sacrifice of life which must inspire our Government with a determination that this most unprovoked and wanton aggression shall never be repeated.

Perhaps even in Asiatic history it would be difficult to find within the same period of time a parallel to the intrigues, revolutions, and massacres that have taken place in the Punjab since the death of Runjeet. With each act of outrage the insolence of the soldiery has arisen to a more unbearable height. It has long been foreseen that English interference would ultimately be inevitable. The intelligent foreigner from whose work we have so largely borrowed observes:—"The opinion of the best-informed authorities, namely, the European officers lately in the Lahore service, is, that tranquillity can never be firmly established in the Punjab until it falls under the firm rule of the British Government, whose interference, it is fully anticipated, will, ere long, become unavoidable." That time has come.

REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD SAILOR.

In March, 1795, I was appointed fifth mate of the company's ship Kent, Captain Saltwell, bound to Madras and Calcutta.

Soon after I joined this ship, I had an opportunity of witnessing the abominations of the naval impress system, which then prevailed, and continued, in a greater or less degree, till the end of the late war with France; but which I trust will never be renewed, as, even in cases of the greatest emergency, such as actual invasion, forcible impressment, would, in my opinion, be unnecessary.

A deputation waited on the commanding officer, and having apprised him of the resolution they had come to, requested that he would be pleased to let them have the key of the arm-chest, in order that they might make use of the arms in their own defence, in the event of any attempt being made to drag them out of the ship. The officer of course declined acceding to their request, when he was respectfully informed that they had no alternative but to break open the chest, but with the utmost reluctance on their part. The chest was accordingly broken open, the arms taken out, and ammunition procured from the magazine, which together with the muskets, boarding-pikes, &c., were taken down into the main hold, where a sort of *chevaux de frise* was constructed around the main hatchway, with the boarding-pikes and muskets pointing upwards. The fore and after hatches were laid on and secured; a fire was lighted on the ballast, and the cooking utensils, chests, hammocks, &c., were taken below; and there being an abundance of water, wood, and provisions, in the hold, they considered themselves sufficiently prepared for a siege.

Scarcely had these precautionary measures been completed, when a boat from the frigate was observed to be approaching the Kent. Instantly all the hands, with the exception of the officers, darted into the hold. The boat was rowed alongside, a lieutenant made his appearance on deck, when, addressing himself to the commanding officer, he said, "I come, Sir, from his Majesty's frigate, for the purpose of mustering your ship's company; will you be so good, therefore, to give the necessary directions for that purpose?" The commanding officer, aware of the object of his visit, replied by informing him of what had taken place, adding that he had in consequence no control over his men; but he entreated him, before he proceeded to extremities, to cast his eye into the main hold, and judge for himself whether it would be prudent in him, with only his boat's crew, to force his way among such a number of men, so well prepared for resistance, and so determined, as they appeared to be, not to be taken out of the ship by force. The lieutenant accordingly did cast his eye into the hold, shook his head significantly, bowed to the commanding officer, dropped into his boat, and returned to the frigate.

Within less than an hour from the lieutenant's departure, the frigate was seen to be under weigh, and steering towards the Kent, abreast of which she anchored within pistol shot. The captain hailed, and asked if the ship's company were willing to submit to their being mustered by an officer from his ship. He was answered by a deputy from the hold with the simple negative "No, Sir." Upon which the captain was observed to take out his watch, and, in an audible voice, he said, "I will give you ten minutes to consider of it, and if, at the expiration of that time, you will not consent to be mustered, I will sink you." To which the deputy replied, "You will do as you think proper, Sir; but we have already made up our minds on the subject." The ten minutes elapsed, but not a shot was fired, and no further steps were taken; but a few days afterwards an order was said to have been received from the Admiralty for all the men who had been pressed by the frigate, from the several ships engaged to carry troops to the Cape, to be restored to their respective ships forthwith; and it was also reported that the order was accompanied by a severe reprimand to the captain for his conduct.

Not long after this disagreeable affair, we proceeded to Portsmouth, where we remained a considerable time waiting for the troops and for convoy. There was at this time a large fleet of men-of-war assembled at Spithead, consisting of about thirty sail of the line, besides frigates and smaller vessels. It was a most interesting sight; and whenever I had nothing else to do, I amused myself with my glass in scrutinizing the several ships of which this noble fleet was composed. Whilst thus engaged one fine day about noon, I observed a volume of flame rushing from the quarter gallery and stern of a three-decker. It was an awful sight, and I watched its progress with intense interest. I perceived the flame rapidly advancing from the stern forward, spreading throughout the ship, ascending the masts, and rushing out of every port. I saw masts and yards falling one after the other, until scarcely any part remained standing, besides the bare hull. The guns—most of which were shotted, and could not be unloaded—discharged themselves successively as the flames approached, thus adding to the sublime effect of this awful spectacle. Several of the shot reached the Motherbank, striking one of the ships and killing one of her crew, whilst others struck ships at Spithead, and more lives were lost. The sea around the ship was covered with boats, aiding in the preservation of her crew as they jumped overboard; such being the rapidity of the flames, that every effort to check them proved fruitless, notwithstanding fire-engines from every man of war at Spithead and from the dockyards were playing on her at once.

At length I observed the guard-ship, the old Royal William, which was moored in her wake, to be under weigh (for the first time, as it was said, within twenty years), evidently in order to remove to a place of safety, lest the wreck should drift on board of her—a timely precaution, as, on the flames reaching the hawse-holes, and rushing along the cables, she parted, and drifted over the very spot where the old Royal William had been moored, from whence she continued to drift until she struck the ground and blew up. She proved to be the Boyne, of ninety guns, one of the finest ships in the British Navy.

There were in all about 1200 people on board when the fire commenced, including a considerable number of women and children. Of the men, about 200 perished, but the rest escaped, among them was said to have been an officer of Marine s, who, in the early stage of the fire, availed himself of the confusion on board to go off with only two others, in one of the ship's boats that might have held twenty times the number. A striking contrast to this cowardly proceeding was the conduct of one little band of heroes, which was too praiseworthy to be passed over unnoticed, and which I shall therefore describe as I heard it, about four years afterwards, from the lips of Captain Winthrop, of the Latona frigate, who, at the time referred to, was First Lieutenant, and in command of the Boyne during the absence of the Captain on shore.

This gallant officer was dining on board the old Astrea frigate in the North Seas, in which ship I was then an Acting Lieutenant, and, at the request of Captain Richard Dacres, he gave the following account of his miraculous escape.

He stated that, as the flames advanced from the stern, in despite of every effort to extinguish them, he was of course driven forward until he reached the fore-castle, where he found himself surrounded by about a dozen of the Boyne's best men, who were evidently all that remained alive on board. They entreated him to jump overboard instantly, as the only chance of saving his own life or theirs, they having resolved, as they said, not to quit the ship as long as he remained on board. "If that be the case, my good lads," was his reply, "I fear we shall all be burned together, as I am equally resolved with yourselves to be the last man to quit her. So," he continued, "if you wish to give me a chance for my life, you will first take care of your own, when, you may rely on it, I shall not be long in following your example." "If that be so," was the exclamation, "here goes!" and away they went headlong into the sea. The Lieutenant kept his word; overboard, he followed them; and being a good swimmer, and aware of the necessity of getting ahead of the ship, in order to avoid the flames which were rushing out of the ports most terrifically, he pushed out manfully. But it was labour in vain, as the wind and tide were so strong against him, that, through sheer exhaustion he gave up the attempt by throwing himself on his back and trusting to the mercy of Providence for his safety. "I believe," continued Captain Winthrop, "that from that moment I fell into a sort of torpor, from which I was aroused by a dreadful sensation of heat, and upon opening my eyes, I discovered the flames to be rushing through the port-holes immediately over my body; but, owing to my being close to the ship's side, I escaped without being actually scorched. The wind and tide, which had so quickly brought me back into this position, as quickly took me past the ship, just as the last boat had pushed off from her stern, so full of people as to be in imminent danger of sinking. The bowman, whom I recognised as one of my twelve friends on the fore-castle, was standing up with the boat-hook in his hand, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'D—n my eyes, if that isn't our first Lieutenant coming along!' 'For God's sake,' was the reply, 'don't attempt to take in any more or we shall all sink together.' 'Well,' said the intrepid bowman, addressing himself to the rowers, 'whether you sink or swim, all I have to say is, the first man who attempts to pull the boat's head round before I have caught hold of the Lieutenant, I will stick this boat-hook into his eye.' He accordingly watched his opportunity and did catch hold of me, pulled me into the boat, and, fortunately, without sinking her."

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS.

AN ANECDOTAL ACCOUNT OF PLAY, HOUSES OF PLAY, AND PLAY-MEN.

Many gaming houses, and some too, on a large and extravagant scale, have been established by men literally without a shilling, who have resorted to the speculative means of advertisements to raise the fresh supplies. It was no uncommon matter, ere the alarm was spread by the exertions of the police, to meet, in the daily advertisements of "The Times Sheet," invitations to capitalists having from three to five thousand pounds, to advance the same in a speculation, promising not the mere moderate remuneration interest of thirty or forty per cent to capital employed, but the certain large and tempting return of one, two, or three hundred per cent, and by that means, occupation, and association the most pleasing, agreeable, and gentlemanly. Many such captivating invites have been greedily caught at by the credulous and avaricious, who, losing sight of the safe and prudent course of honorable speculation, and fascinated by plausible representation, depicting the speedy accumulation of wealth, have fallen into the snare set for them by cunning and fraud. One example will illustrate the many.

The late Buckingham Club, No. 103, Piccadilly, which had certainly during its short existence great patronage and business, was entirely, and most successfully, got up by means of advertisement, and under the auspices of two men (the one of some efficiency in point of experience and intellect, the other a perfect impotent, except in his thorough inclination to knavery,) who had literally not a sixpence to call their own, and were in the extreme of distress. The more active and efficient of the two (Caley) who had been connected with houses of business in the city, and had been deeply interested in the getting up of divers bubble schemes there and occasionally with success. The other adventurer had just escaped from the accommodations of Whitecross Street, and was absolutely in a state little removed from starvation. These parties had been formerly introduced to each other at a house of play in Dover Street, in which also the less efficient had been concerned, to the bitter regret and experience of those who employed him, previously to his removal to Whitecross Street; and, now that they were in similar cases of need, they consulted on the practicability of establishing a club and gaming-house upon a grand and imposing scale. But how to accomplish it?

The house, No. 103, Piccadilly, stood in a most eligible and favoured position for the purposes of a club, and under announcement that it was to be let. The resolution was taken to secure it by hook or by crook; and by extraordinary effort, and still more extraordinary success, terms were made, and with a member of the legal profession, who had an interest in the house for its letting—the legal man himself being at the same time persuaded to have an eye to, and a slice in the after benefit that was to accrue from so promising a speculation. This was a grand accomplishment, both because it secured the possession of a large and captivating mansion of business, as that it at once supplied the essential ref-ree that would be required under the contemplated advertisement for raising the grand capital.

The ready head of the practiced city man was not long in framing the delusive invite *To Speculative Capitalists*, desirous of certain large returns, and agreeable occupation of time; and, under extraordinary exertion by the parties to raise the money necessary for its insertion, the advertisement at length appeared. The bait attracted. A letter of enquiry came up from a distant part of the country, which, of course, met with every further satisfactory explanation from the prolific and experienced brain of the framer of the advertisement.

With such a prospect before them, it was now contemplated that some suitable apartments should be taken, where, in the event of a meeting becoming necessary with the dupe in prospective, an appointment should be given. Accordingly, under reference to the attorney who had been enlisted (and who, strange to say, was a man who, previously to this disreputable connection, stood high in professional character), the principal part of a house was taken in Half-moon Street. As imagined, a letter intimating a wish for a personal interview arrived, and a day was named for the same. To the legal source of reference was now made application for a temporary accommodation of cash on a bill, which succeeding, all preparation was made for the meeting. The pauper adventurers became suddenly, and not a little to their own astonishment, transposed into new suits; the domestic establishment received the addition of a man servant, whom they speedily adorned with an imposing livery; and every

other art and scheme had been duly considered, as necessary to the first favourable effect to be produced on the confiding victim.

The day arrived. A handsome dinner was provided: all went off well. The fish, who had been nibbling only, now swallowed the bait, and was fairly hooked. Terms were entered into, and back he went on the following day to make arrangements for the disposal of his property in the country, with a view to a speedy return to town to enter on his new pursuit. The man, it appeared, was in a large way of business in a provincial town, and, on his arrival at home, could not effect a sale of his property as soon as he desired. He therefore communicated with the parties, his newly-formed acquaintances in town, on the unlooked-for delay,—which, it is needless to say, did not chime in with their views. It was immediately, therefore, intimated to him that the money *must be ready* on a certain day, on which it had been announced that the establishment should open with a house dinner;—that a committee of noblemen and gentlemen had been formed; and that, previously to that opening, a grand entertainment and concert were to be given, in which he was urged to be present. This grand programme worked wonders. The respectable victim forthwith raised £2500, which he brought up to town with him on the appointed day, and to which it was professed that a similar sum was to be added by the other partners.

In the mean time the adventurers had not been idle. Possessed of a large and attractive mansion, and a respectable referee, they were not long before they availed themselves of all the confidence created thereby, and of commanding all the credit and advantages resulting from it. On the strength, too, of the forthcoming capital of their dupe, they had ordered in extra splendid furniture, wines, plate, and all things necessary to perfect the establishment. And, amongst other things, they had not been negligent to enlist a certain number of that particular, but degraded class of persons, who, having the *entre* of society, abuse their positions by the disgraceful act of canvassing or catering, for patronage and custom to gaming tables, and of lending their personal aid as decoys to the unprofitable pastime of play. Strange as it may appear, too, through the influence of such a party, a lady of title was absolutely persuaded to give a concert at this embryo gaming-house; under total ignorance, however, of the purposes for which the house was intended, and equally so of the adventurers who had taken it, one of whom was of the darkest shades of human character. To this concert, at which about one hundred and fifty persons were present, and which seemed to be the realization of all that had been represented of the high and respectable character of the club, the provincial tradesman was invited, and then and there found himself in juxtaposition with divers nobles, honorables, and military men, and civilians, who were represented to him as patrons and members of the new establishment. His experience, poor man, did not lead him to question himself as to the somewhat strange anomaly of noblemen meeting in the same society, and holding familiar converse and communication with men who were soliciting their patronage and favour; nor thought he of the absurdity of Lord Such-a-one being invited to meet an innkeeper, whose house he had condescended to honor with his presence and custom,—and yet the case was parallel.

The following day was fixed for the grand opening dinner, and final arrangements for business. The parties met.—a splendid entertainment was laid out, and to it were invited the *distinguished persons* who had been pointed out on the previous evening as members, and other parties of equal celebrity. Champagne and other exhilarating wines were freely circulated. The grand toast of the evening was, success to the Buckingham Club and its spirited proprietors; and the deluded provincial was in the seventh heaven of blissful anticipation. After the usual indulgence of the table, the principals retired up stairs for the preliminary purposes of business. Books in splendid morocco covers were produced, containing the lists of the noblemen forming the committee, and of some five hundred names of members, most of them borrowed from the Court Guide for the particular purpose. The rate of subscription was exhibited as sufficient to afford a fine remunerating profit. And last of all came the exhibition of the hazard table, at which gold was to be eternally coined, to fulfil the promises of the advertisement.

This was part of the arrangement with which the new man had not until then been made acquainted; and, being really a man of integrity and character, he expressed his objections to being concerned in any establishment having the character of a gaming house. But, unfortunately for him, his £2500 had been parted with: the wine, too, was freely circulating in his veins, and influencing his better sense and determination from their just exercise. He listened to the arguments, and finally yielded to persuasion to join in the full arrangement. The lawyer dupe was also of the party, and he, too, was in a high state of pleasing excitement at the prospect of wealth so immediately presented to his imaginative view.

The night passed off without any attempt at play, excepting some trifling exercise of the dice, by way of exhibition of the game to the newly-enlisted proprietor, who, when he left the house, had about as clear and distinct a notion of its principles and varieties as a pig may be supposed to have of the polka. On the following day he was to return to the country, to complete the break-up of his business there; but it was arranged that his brother, who was resident, and holding a respectable and responsible appointment in London, and who had been a party on his behalf to all the former business, should become the ostensible proprietor in the partnership, and give his attendance each night in observance of the proceedings.

The club was then opened under such management. The arrant knave of the establishment, having been extensively connected with gaming-houses, stipulated for his domicile in the place with his family, and that he should have custody and control of the bank, and lend out money on draft to noblemen and gentlemen players who might require it. Business commenced, and, as usual at a new establishment, customers dropped in,—amongst others, several noblemen and gentlemen, members of Crockford's and other clubs, who had outrun their limit of credit with the old fishmonger, and who were here accommodated with cash, by way of gaining their future patronage.

The first week of play was most successful. Large sums were lost (on check and promissory paper) to the bank; while, on the other hand, ready cash was demanded by the winners. Nevertheless, a fine report was sent off to the country proprietor, announcing the success of the concern, and astounding his understanding with the particulars that Lord L—— had lost one thousand pounds, Lord C—— some hundreds, and other distinguished parties, sums making up a large balance on the credit side. The report was accompanied by an intimation that his presence was *not absolutely necessary* under so promising a state of things, although the parties would be happy to see him. Thus far all was satisfactory; but, alas! there is nothing certain in life. A few weeks only elapsed, when another report was forwarded to the absent confiding partner. There had been a run on the *ready resources* of the bank, to the almost total extinction of its capital, and the tardy return of money lent to losers

had not kept pace with the demand of ready cash by the winners. A further supply of £1500 was required, therefore, to carry on the war. This unexpected requisition brought the party to town, and he made his appearance, his visage somewhat elongated from its former cheerful expanse. He was averse to any further risk of capital, and suggested that the large outstanding debts alleged, and indeed shown, to be due from certain noblemen and gentlemen, should be collected. But this was met by information that the convenience of such persons must be consulted in respect to claims of so peculiar a nature; that bills had been given for many of the debts, and that the same were not in maturity. It was urged, as a most potent argument, that, unless a fair supply of money should be instantly forthcoming, the house must close; in which case it was most probable that none of the parties indebted would pay at all; whereas means to keep up play would be sure to work out an ultimately good result. The credulity of the man was thus again successfully worked upon; he produced the £1500, and business proceeded for a time with success.

The two pauper projectors of the scheme suddenly rose into apparent affluent positions. The one who had so recently been liberated from prison on a short allowance of shoe leather, was seen riding about town on a fine horse, (of which more anon), and had his separate establishment for his mistress. The other adopted a more quiet and prudent course; but still exhibited an exterior bespeaking a most fortunate change of circumstances.

In this flourishing state things continued. Large sums of ready money and securities were constantly increasing the bank's means. It was a curious fact, however, observable by the acting brother of the capitalist, that notwithstanding the almost invariable ill fortune of the players in general, there were two or three members of the table who as invariably won, and that considerably. It was observed, too, that these parties were liberally supplied with money on their drafts, which never failed to be redeemed by their good fortune at the table. The observation, however, created no suspicion, nor indeed remark, beyond the expression of surprise at such unchanging luck. But reverse again came to the bank's resources; the ready thousands that had been amassed, and which were supposed to be at command, had again disappeared in the shape, as was alleged, of loans to members on their security, payments to winners on demand, and expenses of the establishment. Another thousand or two was required to keep up the capital and credit; a few hundreds were all that could be found, and these quickly also disappeared under loss and expense.

Such continued reverses, in conjunction with a mysterious and unaccountable intimacy that appeared to subsist between the party who had charge of the bank resources and one of the invariably fortunate players, awakened suspicion in the mind of the duped that all was not right. He had discovered that the latter had made the former a present of the horse which he sported about town; and that he also accommodated him at one time with a hundred, and at other times with similar sums; favours which were scarcely reconcilable with the different positions of the parties. He had received hints, also, as to the former real circumstances of the parties, and as to the notorious character of one, that led him to investigate the whole affair to its original source of imposition; and having done so, and fully acquainted himself with the entire fraudulent conspiracy, he determined to relieve his conscience at the total sacrifice of his five thousand pounds, and free himself, also, from the connection. A dissolution of partnership, therefore, appeared in the Gazette, and he retired; the other parties continued the establishment as far as they could do so without capital, in the hope of catching another simpleton by the same plausible method of advertisement. They now, also, began to collect in a few claims, and to struggle in every way against the threatened dissolution; but rent and taxes had got into arrears, and debts had accumulated. The resources of the other victim had been drawn nearly dry. Executions followed executions, and all was in a state of hopeless despair; but still the house assumed its usual brilliant appearance at night. Numerous chandeliers were seen from without brilliantly illuminating the elegant apartments within. Still stood the liveried lacqueys in the hall, and still congregated about gentlemen *touts* or bonnets, ready to go to work under favourable opportunity.

In this state of things, Mr H——, a gentleman of fortune, made his appearance one evening, fresh from his vinous potations, and against this pauper remnant of bank proprietorship commenced play. Fortune, as may be expected, *did not favour him*; his vision was insufficiently clear, under the fumes of wine, to watch the results of the dice under the operations of the other gentlemen at the table; and he lost between six and seven thousand pounds,—in payment of which he was immediately pressed for his acceptance on the spot. Bill stamps, always in hand, were forthwith produced. Two bills were drawn in sums of £2500 each, and they duly received the name which was to give them value and currency.

This sudden accession of apparent fortune gave new hopes and vigor to the expiring energies of the party. The managing scamp, being the drawer of the bills, kept possession of them, and made unceasing effort to get them cashed; but their large amount, and the well known character of the holder, gave no confidence.

In the mean time the loser had got scent and recollection of certain suspicious facts attending the loss of this large sum of money, and communicating with his solicitors on the subject, an immediate application was made to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to prohibit the negotiation of the bills. The injunction was obtained, prompt and speedy measures were taken to give circulation to the proceedings, and notice thereof was sent to every capital in Europe. The efforts of the party to get the bills cashed were, nevertheless, unrelaxed. The holder, to free himself from being taken in contempt, took himself to Boulogne, where he met with a party to aid him in his views. But here he was thwarted, and after employing all agency and means to get rid of the bills for half their amount. His last attempt was at Brussels, where he was again conceiving a scheme to circulate the bills; but the same vigilance that had watched and defeated his movements at Boulogne as successfully checked them here; and tired out, and wanting money, he abandoned in despair all further attempt, save that of offering to deliver them up to the solicitors of the defrauded party upon a very trifling consideration, which, to avoid further trouble, was acceded to.

The establishment at Piccadilly, unable to hold out longer against the host of executions, submitted to his fate, and all came to the hammer. The speculation had worked the complete ruin of the lawyer proprietor, who, like the provincial victim, had been regularly plundered. The lawyer subsequently became insolvent, took the benefit of the act, by a benefit conferred on himself of ten months' imprisonment in Dover gaol, for having misappropriated trust-money. The tradesman was reserved for future persecution by the creditors of the establishment, who, prompted by the scoundrel who had been instrumental to the ruin of the man, pursued him by legal process, until, to avoid the disgrace of the connection, he had paid every shilling he could command.

The only person who benefited by the dissolution and break up of the club was the vagabond manager himself, who having possessed himself of all the drafts, bills, and securities given for money lost, these he held fast, and continued to live on their collection and proceeds for some two or three years. Latterly such resources became less easy of command. Gentlemen had received information of no right in the applicant to receive the debts, and that such moneys, if collected, should be appropriated to creditors. The hardihood of the fellow, however, led him still to persist in demand, and he even had the temerity to resort to legal proceedings; and when this did not succeed, to threaten to placecard the noblemen and gentlemen refusing to pay; a threat which it is somewhat surprising did not subject him to the summary process of a broken neck by one or other of the insulted parties. He has now, however, seen the full length of his tether, and fallen again to his original state of shoeless poverty.

The above statement is a fair example of occasional success of imposition, and will exhibit to what absurd and dangerous extreme credulity, led on by avarice, may proceed.

FRAY CRISTOBAL.

A NARRATIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN TEXAS.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Before the war which for many years filled with desolation and rapine the whole of Texas, colonisation was extending its beneficial influence into the very heart of the country. The untiring energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race were carrying the arts of peace and civilisation into the wilds; and in every district where wood, water, and fertile land tempted the adventurer, arose farms and cultivated fields. The savages, even the wild and warlike Comanches, were easily conciliated, and the whole land was dotted—at vast distances one from the other, it is true—with smiling homesteads. That happy and noble results would have ensued, none can doubt, had not the trump of war shaken the fabric of society, and replaced the back settlements in the condition of a wild and unproductive waste.

Andrew Pollock, a Kentuckian landowner of no inconsiderable wealth, had been one of the earliest colonists who determined, at the instance of Moses Austin, the original settler, to make Texas his home. Of peculiar tastes, however, which led him to love the solitude and sublimity of the woods and the mighty prairies, where none but the painted Indian is found to dwell, Pollock, with his family, passed the outermost borders of civilisation, and erected his tent some thirty miles beyond San Antonio de Bexar, within the district where the Arabs of the American desert, the Comanches, hunted and fought. His habitation presented, after two years of care had been devoted to it, a most pleasing sight. Andrew Pollock had selected as his abiding place the mouth of a valley, where a stream burst from its pent-up position between craggy heights. To the north and east spread a vast plain, dotted with its lands of timber, while a thick grove in the vicinity of the dwelling showed that the wary Kentuckian was as much alive to the importance of his proximity to wood as to water. The dwelling and its appurtenances had been erected with care and taste; its size betokening that room had been provided for a large family, while a stockade proved that danger was yet to be feared in that secluded spot. Numerous fields of corn, maize, and other vegetable productions, were carefully fenced in, while large herds of cattle roamed at will over the plain, recalled at even by the sound of the guardian's voice and bell.

Early on the first Sabbath morn in May 1835, the whole family and the labourers were congregated on a kind of lawn in front of the dwelling at breakfast. The family was composed of the father, mother, two sons, and a daughter, Helen Pollock, a charming girl, who added to the unsophisticatedness of the wilds the advantages of an excellent education. A dozen farm labourers and their wives, with half as many black slaves, completed the party, if we add a solitary Indian, who stood leaning against an upright post a little way from the table. Fray Cristobal was an anomaly in his tribe. About two-and-twenty, gay, tall, and handsome, with features utterly distinct from his companions, though paint and exposure had done their worst, this young man commanded a band of daring warriors, who carried their arms into the very heart of Mexico. His followers, about sixty in number, it was notorious, were better accounted and better provided in every way than their fellows, while different from the usual Indian practice, they yielded implicit obedience to their chief. Between Pollock and Fray Cristobal, as he called himself, a friendship had subsisted ever since the farmer's settlement, which was invaluable to the white man, who, in the constant presence of his Comanche friend at his farm, found his best protection against injury.

"I tell you, Fray Cristobal," said Andrew Pollock, "on the present occasion you must be mistaken. A Mexican army in full march on Texas, and a regiment of dragoons about to pass this way—impossible!"

"Fray Cristobal has seen them. War has begun, the Mexicans have thousands in the field, and my friend will feel the first blow if he is not wise," replied the other calmly but firmly, in pure English, or rather American, as our tongue is called in these regions.

"You appear very positive," said the colonist, "and I must fain credit your words. But what would you have me do? If the Mexicans are in such force as this, surely to defend this house would be of little use, unless indeed your warriors could be brought down!"

"My warriors are far on the war path, and Fray Cristobal is alone. His arm would be as a reed to defend; but he will hide the gray head and his flock," exclaimed he, his eye glancing with a look of mingled bitterness and admiration at Helen.

"Fly, and leave my home to the destroyer!"

"Or stay and be destroyed with your home," said the Comanche chief.

"Father," interposed Helen, rising and moving nearer to him, "better let home and the wealth of this world perish alone, than us die with it. If there is danger, follow Cristobal's advice, and fly."

"It is too late," said the Indian in a tone of deep dejection; "look up the valley; the sombreros of the Mexicans are rising on the edge of the cliff."

It was too true: the peace of that quiet spot was to be invaded, and by the ruthless and pitiless Mexicans, with orders to treat all Americans as rebels, and put them to death on the spot. Before the strength of Texas was discovered, such was the terrible policy of the late President Santa Anna. A loud shout from the Mexican cavalry proclaimed their delight at their arrival at a habitation and in a few moments the house was surrounded, and all its inhabitants made prisoners, with the exception of Fray Cristobal, who had instantly sought the cover of the wood. The wild appearance of the centralist troops was little calculated to reassure the captives. With huge low crowned hats, gaudy jackets adorned with buttons, pantaloons covered with tinsel, and the *serape satillero*, or fancy blanket, they at the first glance looked picturesque enough; but black and unwashed faces, eyes in which gleamed no fire of mind or intellect, the

knowledge of their gross ignorance, with their huge mustaches, blunderbusses, and every variety of firearms, filled the thoughts with visions of banditti, to whom, in guise and conduct, the Mexican soldiers unfortunately approximate too much.

Andrew Pollock, with his whole family and dependents, were now led before the commanding officer, a young man in a faded uniform, with the addition of a yellow cloak and a high steeple crowned hat. This was Colonel Don Jose de Sarmiento, who, eyeing his prisoners with little favour—except the fair haired and now pallid Helen—inquired who they were, and what they did within the confines of the Mexican territory? Andrew Pollock, who understood Spanish, replied somewhat haughtily that he was a free born American citizen, and, by adoption, a member of the new republic of Texas. Colonel Don Jose scarcely permitted him to finish his reply, ere he cried, "A rebel! a rebel! *Muertos a todos los Tejanos!*" "I shall rest here a day or so: to-morrow morning, at daybreak, let these rebels"—comprehending by a sweep of his arm all the white men—"die. You, Pietro, back to General Woll, and bring his warrant for their execution." Andrew Pollock and his sons, with all the white men, were now hurried into one of their outhouses, round which a strong guard was placed, while Helen and the rest of the women were placed in safe custody within one of the huts of the labourers, also guarded.

Colonel Jose, after giving the inexplicable order, as it appeared to his men, to spare all property as much as possible, and to touch nothing but what was absolutely necessary for their refreshment, sat down on the lawn with his officers to eat the untasted breakfast, which had been provided for its rightful owners. For some time the colonel was silent, apparently musing deeply within himself. At length he spoke in a low tone to the next in command. It appeared that, struck by the comfort, peace, and tranquillity of that retired hamlet, the soldier, called much against his will from the pleasures of Mexico city, had conceived a desire, very natural in a conqueror, of appropriating Pollock's property to his own use; and as of course, in his view of things, Mexico must triumph, of settling there and making it his home. "It will make a lovely rancho," said he, gazing with admiration at all the evidences of Anglo-Saxon taste and industry displayed around; "and with that little fair beauty for its mistress, it would be a perfect paradise. Colonel Jose was notoriously a man of impulse; but as the present whim promised to transform a lieutenant colonel into a colonel, the inferior officer made no comment, but with a meaning smile said, "You can learn your fate at once: make her hand the price of her father's life, and I doubt not Padre Vevortilla will wed you on the spot. The old fellow will doubtless be too happy to give his daughter's hand and his possessions to save his rebel life." Colonel Jose, approving of his subordinate's idea, Helen and her father were sent for. The interview took place in the room of the house, where the invader unceremoniously installed himself in the arm chair that up to that day only the patriarch of the spot ever sat in. The colonel's air was self-satisfied and confident. He knew the lax principles in vogue in Mexico, and that few would therefore hesitate between life and honour. He therefore boldly broached his proposition of giving Pollock and all his dependents liberty in exchange for his possessions and his daughter. Pollock was petrified; while Helen, who understood Spanish, looked at her captor in disgust. "No, infamous spoliator!" said the stern Kentuckian, "my life is in your hands—take it; but neither land nor child shall be yours. My daughter wed a Mexican robber! No. My life you will take; but yet a few days and my brave countrymen will scourge you and your race back beyond the Great River." The colonel was astounded, and at once ordered his prisoners back to confinement. Sentiments of this character were so new to him, that it required some leisure ere he fully comprehended their force. He then reiterated his commands for the execution, stroked his mustache with a self-satisfied air, and lay down to an early siesta.

Helen, meanwhile, who sat at her prison window gazing out upon the scene before her with vacant eye, dwelt with agony upon the position of her family. Her thoughts were of a mixed character. Horror at the proposition of the Mexican partisan was mingled with the reflection that her sacrifice might save many whom she loved. This again was doubtful, as the free gift of the property appeared the great object aimed at by Don Jose. Then came upon her other thoughts of one who had laid his life and love at her feet, and whom she had rejected with disdain because of his colour—Fray Cristobal. He had offered to quit his tribe, his roving life, all for her, and settle down a colonist under the banner of Texas. Her manner, her shrinking repugnance at binding herself to one with Indian blood in his veins, had been sufficient answer for the warrior. He had spoken no more, but his altered mien indicated deeply-wounded feelings. Helen knew him well, and knew that, under other circumstances, Fray Cristobal had perilled life, all, for her and her family. She felt with bitter regret that on his devotion she now had no claim.

The day passed; the Mexican soldiers ate, drank, slept, and amused themselves, a few keeping watch. Night came, and then sentinels were posted at every weak point; in fact a chain of soldiers surrounded the house. Ingress and egress appeared equally impossible. Hours passed; at last meal was brought to the prisoners, with an intimation that at daybreak the terrible tragedy would be enacted. For greater safety, lights were denied them, though the guards omitted to deprive the captives of their pipes and tobacco pouches in which flints and steel were always kept. For about two hours after sunset, no sound was heard save the measured tramp of the mounted sentinels without the stockade, and of the foot within. Helen sat alone at the window of her hut, which overlooked the lawn. To the right was the outhouse containing the male prisoners, to the left the stream. On this now fell the rays of the dim moon, just rising from a bank of clouds; and on this Helen gazed, under the influence of the only feeling which preserved her from utter despair. It wanted an hour of midnight, and yet there was no sign given. Ten minutes more passed, when a dark mass rising slowly from the water gave hope, and made poor Helen's heart beat wildly. A figure was clearly visible. It stood upon the brink of the stream, near a woodpile, when a musket shot was fired by an observing sentinel. A heavy plunge was heard in the water, and when the alarmed sentinels reached the spot, a dark mass was seen floating down the river, already at a distance. Satisfied that the Indian intruder had been slain, or mortally wounded, the soldiers, after reporting as much, returned to their posts.

Helen, who had seen the Indian, after throwing a log into the river, glide behind the woodpile, now saw him, with intense anxiety, crawl along the line of buildings. He reached the spot where she stood, and was about to pass, when a low-whispered "Cristobal" arrested him. "Miss Pollock," said he in the same tone, "in one sentence tell me all you know." Helen in a few hurried words explained all. "Your father, all, shall be saved." "Oh, Cristobal, do

* Death to all Texans!—a cry which hurried hundreds of Texans to a bloody end. Four hundred were slaughtered in cold blood at one time in the war.

that: save my father, my mother, my brothers all, and my deep and eternal gratitude shall be yours.' 'Gratitude is but a cold word to me,' said Cristobal, who with her drooped all semblance of Indian manner. 'Be generous, dear Cristobal,' whispered Helen, blushing unseen in the darkness. 'I have been cruel, unkind, but your devotion to my friends will make me forget all.' 'Even my Indian blood?' said Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his tone which went to the girl's heart. 'All but your noble risk of life and all life's joys to save my friends.' 'And you, Miss Pollock?' 'Cristobal,' said the agitated girl hurriedly; 'dear Cristobal, such dreadful scenes as these makes us live years in an hour. Call me, then, Helen; save my father and mother and hope everything.' 'Fray seized the girl's hand through the barred window, and said in a husky tone, 'If I save all would you forget my Indian taint and become my wife?' 'I would—I will,' said Helen, who at this hour of peril became a woman, forgetting all maiden coyness in the excitement of the moment. 'From gratitude only?' said Cristobal gloomily. 'I will never marry a man I do not love and respect.' 'And you will be mine?' 'I will.' 'You love me then?' 'Dear Cristobal, waste not the precious moments; think what is most dear to you, and doubt not but time will prove you not far wrong.' There was a tenderness in Helen's tone which carried irresistible conviction, and pressing her hand to his lips the young man glided away towards the shed in which the *then* were confined.

A brief and hurried conversation now ensued, which having lasted about ten minutes, the Comanche chief returned, and bidding Helen be of good cheer, again sought the river, and plunging therein, disappeared. The agitated girl now noticed that a great bustle was taking place in the shed containing the male prisoners, as if the whole party were busily engaged in moving all it contained. Sounds of breaking up barrels were plainly heard, and then the low and cautious striking of a light. Helen's heart beat violently; she felt confident that some plan arranged between Cristobal and her father was about to be carried out. Next instant a flame rose in the shed on the side which communicated to the outbuildings and granaries, while handfuls of burning sticks were cast from narrow loop-holes, which were intended to supply light and air to the erection. The alarm was given; the sentinels rushed to stay the flames, and punish the audacious captives, when the door flew open, and a volley of musketry was poured upon the astonished Mexicans. The prisoners had been placed in the arsenal of the whole hamlet. And now, amid the roar of musketry and the cracking of the flames, came the fearful Comanche war-whoop from the plains upon the bewildered and affrighted Mexicans. To defend the house was impossible, as the fire would soon wrap it in one mass of flames; but for this a successful resistance might have been made. As it was, without attempting to recapture the armed Anglo-Saxons, who poured a galling fire upon them, the Mexican cavalry mounted, and collecting in one dense body, retreated towards the valley, followed by the Comanche horse, of whom they entertained a most wholesome and salutary fear.

Efforts were now made to extinguish the flames, which had been the main instrument in dislodging the Mexicans, who, but for this, would have held good the house against the Comanches. It was, however, in vain, and all that could be done was to remove the wagons and every kind of valuable from their proximity to the conflagration. This the party soon effected, the furniture in the house being all saved and placed upon the green sward. At dawn of day nothing remained of the late comfortable and happy home of the stern Kentuckian but smouldering rubbish and blackened stumps. Still, more than he hoped for had been saved in shape of household goods and cattle, while not one precious life had been lost.

No time was, however, to be lost, as the whole Mexican force could easily overtake them. The wagons were loaded with rapidity, the oxen harnessed, and the cattle all driven into herds. In an hour every preparation was made. The word was given, and, escorted by the Comanches, Andrew Pollock turned his back upon his late home, to seek one less subject to the incursions of an invading army. Like most of his neighbors, the patriarch of the wilderness had resolved to send his wife and daughter, with the other woman, to the sea coast and, joining General Samuel Houston, do battle for his country. For several days the Comanches accompanied the cavalcade, and then, according to Indian custom, disappeared without the ceremony of an adieu. The leader, however, remained, who then, in the presence of her whole family, declared the engagement between him and Helen. Andrew Pollock started in anger, and turning to his daughter, said, with little delicacy towards his Comanche preserver, 'Helen marry an Indian?' 'Who saved my father from death and me from worse?' replied Helen firmly. 'Not an Indian,' exclaimed Cristobal, at this instant extending a parchment to Andrew; 'but Henry Norton of Kentucky, captain in the service of the republic of Texas.' The young man then explained that his father, impelled by romantic feelings had wedded a beautiful Indian girl; that on coming into the enjoyment of that parent's property, galled by the concealed sneers of some of his acquaintance, and the feeling that Indian blood was in his veins, he had adopted his mother's baptismal name, and fled to her relatives, where, by dint of gallantry, and by spending his income among them, he had raised the troops we have above alluded to. Until he saw Helen, he had determined for ever to dwell with the Comanches: her beauty had, however, won him back to civilisation. We need enter into no further particulars. The lovers were united; Henry, Andrew, and the sons, all distinguished themselves in the war of independence: it ended; and now peace being finally established, the family once more occupy their original abiding place, where the writer in 1842 enjoyed their unaffected hospitality.

JEAMES'S DIARY.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Thus you've seen how the flower of my affeckshuns was tawn out of my bums, and my art was left bleading. Hangelina! I forgive thee. Mace thoubé appy! If ever artfett prayer for others wheel awailed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Eyn in your be! "

"I went home like a maniac, after hearing the enouncement of Hangelina's departer. She'd ben gone twenty hours when I heard the fatle noose. Purshoot was vane. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensible remark I maid to Earl Bareacres, when that destragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in-lor, the Countess, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoes, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igespshun of the diminds & Cashmere shawl, which her Ladyship *coodn't find*. Ony it was wisperd that at the nex bthday she was seen with a shawl *ig-sackly of the same pattn*. Let er keep it.

"Southdown was phurious. He came to me hafter the ewent, and want-ed me to advance 50lb, so that he might persheiw his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for that

family. So he went away, and gave hutterance to his felinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asomby*.

"All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, hagg-rating feelings already woundid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized brain, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follered Hangelina in imadgation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mailydickshuns on the hinfamus Silvertop. I kicdd and rord in my unhut-terable whoe! I seazed my piller: I pitcht into it: pummld it, strangled it, ha har! I thought it was Silvertop writhing in my Jint grasp; and taw the hordashus Villing lim from lita in the terrable strength of my despare!

"Let me drop a cutting over the memories of that night. When my boddysuvnt came with my Ot water in the mawning, the livid Corpse in the charnill was not paler than the gashly De la Pluche!

"Give me the Share-list, Mandeville, I micanickly igclaimed. I had not perused it for the 3 past days, my attenshun being engayged elsware. Hevns & erth!—what was it I red there? What was it that made me spring outabed as if somebody had givn me cold pig?—I red Rewin in the Share-list—the Pannick was in full hoperation!

"Shall I discribe that Katastraphy with which hall Hingland is familar? My & refewses to cronicle the misfortns which lassarated my bleading art in Hooctober last. On the fust of Haugust ware we I? Director of twenty-three Companies; older of a scrip hall at a primumm, and wuth at least halfa millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm, were down at $\frac{1}{2}$ discount; my Central Ichaboes at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primumm down to six; my Juan Fernandez, & my Great Central Oregons postrict. There was a momint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail!"

(Here follows in Mr. Plush's MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pretermit.)

"Those beesst, Pump & Aldgate, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threaten letter because I overdraw my account three-and-sixpence: woodn't advance me five thousand on 25,0000 worth of scrip; kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house; and then sent out Spout, the jewner partner, saying that they woodn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did: I paid the three-and-six ballince, and never sor 'em mor.

"The market fell dailly. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies! It wasn't in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerd me in my oan Ome. The Biddle who kips watch at the Hal-bany wodn keep Misfortn out of my chambers; and Mrs. Twiddler of Pall Mall, and Mr. Hunx, of Long Acre, put igsecution into my apartmnce, and sweep off every stick of my furniture. 'Wardrobe & furniture of a nan of fashion.' What an advertisement George Robins *did* make of it; and what a crowd was collectid to laff at the prospick of my ruing! My chice plait; my seller of wine; my picturs—that of myself includid (it was Maryhann, bless her! that bought it, unbeknown to me); all—all went to the ammer. That brootle Fitzwarren, my ex-valley, womb I met, familiarly slapt me on the shoulder, and said, 'Jeames, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis agin.'

"I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvVICES—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misserable captif for 6 mortial weeks. Mis-rable shall I say? no, not misrable altogether; there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prisn gates on Saturdays; a washeywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one? Every one who has an art can guess, it was my blue-hied blushing Hangel of a Mary Hann! 'Shall we take him out in a linnen-basket, grandmama?' Mary Hann said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmama quite natural; but I didn't go out that way; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't proud. I turned the mangle for three weeks; and then Uncle Bill said, 'Well, there is some good in the feller; and it way agreed that we should marry.'

The Plush manuscript finishes here: it is many weeks since we saw the accomplished writer, and we have only just learned his fate. We are happy to state it is a comfortable and almost a prosperous one.

The Honorable and Right Reverend Lionel Thistlewood, Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, was mentioned as the uncle of Lady Angelina Silvertop. Her elopement with her cousin caused deep emotion to the venerable prelate; he returned to the palace at Bullocksmithy, of which he had been for thirty years the episcopal ornament, and where he married three wives, who lie buried in his Cathedral Church of St. Boniface, Bullocksmithy.

The admirable man has joined those whom he loved. As he was preparing a charge to his clergy in his study after dinner, the Lord Bishop fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy; his butler, bringing in his accustomed dish of devilled-kidneys for supper, discovered the venerable form extended on the Turkey carpet with a glass of Madera in his hand; but life was extinct, and surgical aid was therefore not particularly useful.

All the late prelate's wives had fortunes, which the admirable man increased by thrift, the judicious sale of leases which fell in during his episcopacy, &c. He left three hundred thousand pounds—divided between his nephew and niece—not a greater sum than has been left by several deceased Irish prelates.

What Lord Southdown has done with his share we are not called upon to state. He has composed an epitaph to the Martyr of Bullocksmithy, which does him infinite credit. But we are happy to state that Lady Angelina Silvertop presented five hundred pounds to her faithful and affectionate servant, Mary Ann Hoggins, on her marriage with Mr. James Plush, to whom her Ladyship also made a handsome present—namely, the lease, good-will, and fixtures of the "Wheel of Fortune" public-house, near Shepherd's Market, May Fair; a house greatly frequented by all the nobility's footmen, doing a genteel stroke of business in the neighborhood, and where, as we have heard, the "Butler's Club" is held.

Here Mr. Plush lives happy in a blooming and interesting wife: reconciled to a middle sphere of life, as he was to a humbler and a higher one before. He has shaved off his whiskers, and accommodates himself to an apron with perfect good humour. A gentleman connected with this establishment dined at the Wheel of Fortune, the other day, and collected the above particulars. Mr. Plush blushed rather, as he brought in the first dish, and told his story very modestly over a pint of excellent port. He had only one thing in life to complain of, he said—that a witless version of his adventures had been presented at the Princess's Theatre, "without your leaf, or by your leaf," as he expressed it. "Has for the rest," the worthy fel,

low said, "I'm appy—praps betwist you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjoy my glass of beer or port (with my elth & suvvice to you, Sir), quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good business, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my Mary Hann, he's a beest; and when a christening takes place in our family, will you give my compliments to Mr. Punch, and ask him to be godfather."

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

THE WARRIOR-SAINTS CONTINUED—ST. SEBASTIAN, ST. MARTIN.

Among the saints who figure as subjects for Art, St. Sebastian is one of the most popular and interesting. His story is of great beauty and great antiquity; it has also the rare merit of being better authenticated in the leading incidents, and less mixed up with incredible and fictitious matter than any of the older legends.

St. Sebastian was a native of Narbonne, in Gaul, the son of noble parents, who held high offices in the empire. He was himself at an early age promoted to the command of a company in the Prætorian Guards, so that he was always near the person of the Emperor, and held in especial favour. At this time he was secretly a Christian, but his faith only rendered him more loyal to his masters, more mild, more charitable, more faithful in all his engagements; while his favour with his master and his popularity with the troops enabled him to protect those who were persecuted for Christ's sake, and to convert many to the truth.

Among his friends were two young men of noble family, soldiers, like himself. Their names were Marcus and Marcellinus; and being convicted of being Christians, they were condemned to the torture, which they endured with unshaken firmness, and were afterwards led forth to death; but their aged father and mother threw themselves in their way, and their wives and children gathered around them, beseeching them with tears and supplications to recant, and save themselves, even for the sake of those who loved and could not survive them. The two young heroes, who had endured tortures without shrinking, began to relent and to tremble; but at this critical moment St. Sebastian, neglecting his own safety, rushed forward, and by his exhortations encouraged them rather to die than to renounce their Redeemer; and such was the power of his eloquence, that not only were his friends strengthened and confirmed in their faith, but all those who were present were converted; the family of the condemned, the guards, and even the judge himself, yielding to the irresistible force of his arguments, were secretly baptised. Marcus and Marcellinus were for this time saved; but in a few months afterwards they were denounced, with the whole Christian community, and put to death; they died together, singing with a loud voice "Behold how goodly and gracious a thing it is, Brothers, to dwell together in amity;" and the other converts were put to cruel deaths, and at length it came to the turn of Sebastian. But previously the Emperor, who loved him, sent for him and remonstrated with him, saying, "Have I not always honoured thee above the rest of my officers? Why hast thou disobeyed my commands and insulted my gods?" To which Sebastian replied with equal meekness and courage, "O Cæsar, I have ever prayed, in the name of Jesus Christ, for thy prosperity, and have been true to thy service; but as for the gods whom thou wouldst have me worship, they are but idols of wood and stone."

Then Diocletian ordered that he should be bound to a stake and shot to death with arrows, and that it should be inscribed on the stake and published to the troops that he suffered for being a Christian, and not for any other fault; and Sebastian having been pierced with many arrows, the archers left him for dead; but in the middle of the night, the widow of one of his martyred friends, named Irene, came with her attendants to take his body away; that she might bury it honourably; and it was found that none of the arrows had pierced him in a vital part, and that he yet breathed. So they carried him to her house and his wounds were dressed; and the pious widow tended him night and day, until he had wholly recovered.

When his Christian friends came around him, they counselled him to fly from Rome knowing that if he were once discovered there would be no mercy shown to him. But Sebastian felt that this was not a time to hide himself, but to stand forth boldly and openly for the faith he professed, and he went to the palace and stood before the gate, on the steps which he knew the Emperor must descend on his way to the Capitol, and he raised his voice, pleading for those who were condemned to suffer, and reproaching the Emperor with his intolerance and cruelty; and the Emperor, looking on him with amazement, said, "Art thou not Sebastian?" And he replied, "I am Sebastian, whom God hath delivered from thy hand, that I might testify to the faith of Jesus Christ and plead for his servants." Then Diocletian in his fury commanded that they should seize Sebastian and carry him to the Circus, and beat him to death with clubs; and that his body might be for ever hidden from his friends, it was thrown into the Cloaca Maxima. But these precautions were in vain, for a Christian lady named Lucina found means to recover the body of the saint, and interred it secretly in the Catacombs, at the feet of St. Peter and St. Paul. These events took place in the year 288.

So early as the beginning of the fifth century there were churches built in honour of St. Sebastian. In the year 680 it was believed that a dreadful plague, which had nearly depopulated the city of Rome, was arrested by the intercession of St. Sebastian; and from this period he became, throughout Christendom the protecting saint against plague and pestilence.*

The most ancient existing representation of St. Sebastian is a mosaic, still preserved in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, executed about 683 at the time that his remains were transported to the church. It represents him as a bearded man, in a long robe, and is wholly unlike the more modern conception of the aspect and character of this favourite saint.

The single figures which represent Saint Sebastian as patron saint are nearly uniform in the leading idea. They exhibit him as a beautiful, Apollo-like figure, in the bloom of youth, undressed, bound to a tree or a column and pierced by several arrows. He is looking up to heaven with an expression of enthusiastic faith or mild resignation. The variations are merely those of attitude and detail. Sometimes his armour is seen lying at his feet; sometimes he is not pierced by the arrows,—only bound, and the arrows are lying at the foot of the tree. In the old pictures the background is architecture (a court or hall of the imperial palace); in all the modern pictures the background is landscape,—sometimes soldiers or archers are seen in the distance.

In the pictures of the throned Madonna, St. Sebastian is frequently introduced, standing on one side, arrow-pierced, with his hands bound behind him,

* Perhaps also from the association of the arrows with his form and story. Arrows have been, from all antiquity, the emblem of pestilence.

and looking up to heaven. In a few later pictures, we may see him kneeling, and presenting to the Virgin the arrows with which he has been pierced; or he is in armour, and merely holds an arrow in his hand.

In general, the most ancient pictures and prints of this subject are not agreeable, from the stiff and defective drawing; and in the modern schools, when it became a favourite vehicle for the exhibition of elegant forms and fine anatomical modelling, was too obviously a display of art. We must seek, therefore, for the most beautiful St. Sebastians in those works which date between the two extremes; and accordingly we find them in the pictures of Perugino, Francia, and the old Venetian painters. I could not point to a more exquisite example of this treatment than the Francia in our National Gallery, nor to a more perfect specimen of the *savoir-faire* school than the Guido in the Dulwich Gallery. The St. Sebastian, as is well known, was Guido's favourite subject; he painted at least seven. Another instance of this kind of ostentatious sentiment in style is the Carlo Dolci, in the Corsini Palace, at Florence. The display of beautiful form, permitted, and even consecrated by devotion, is so rare in Christian representation, that we cannot wonder at the avidity with which this subject was seized on, as soon as the first difficulties of art were overcome, nor at the multiplicity of examples we find in the later schools, particularly the Venetian and Bolognese. It would take pages to enumerate even a few of these; but I may mention the St. Sebastian of Giorgione, with the deep blue sky, the deep green foliage, and the deep glowing tints of the figure, as one of the most solemn and pathetic effects ever produced by feeling and colour; and the Van Dyck, in the Munich Gallery, with the figure in full light, bound, and resigned to his fate, but not yet wounded, is equally fine, for the faultless drawing and noble expression.

Some old representations of St. Sebastian, from the German and Spanish schools, are very curious. There is a small picture, by Villegas, in the Louvre, in which St. Sebastian wears the rich costume of the sixteenth century, an embroidered vest, a hat and feather, an arrow in his breast; in one hand a bow, and in the other a crucifix. I have seen also a German drawing, in which St. Sebastian is dressed like a German cavalier, wearing a cap, a doublet, and an embroidered cloak; one hand on his sword, the other resting on his shield (which bears crosslets and arrow-heads as the device); and pierced by three arrows, one of which has passed through his cheek: the expression of the youthful, almost boyish face, very beautiful.

Scenes from the life of St. Sebastian are confined to few subjects, but have been frequently treated.

1. "St. Sebastian exhorting and encouraging Marcus and Marcellinus, as they are led to death,".... painted by Paul Veronese, for the church of St. Sebastiano, at Venice,—appeared to me, when I saw it last, as one of the finest dramatic pictures I had ever beheld, and preferable to every other work of the master. It struck me as a magnificent scene played before me—with such a glow of light and life and movement and colour shed over it—such a triumphant enthusiasm in the martyrs—such variety of passionate energy and supplication and sympathy in the groups of relatives and spectators, that I felt as if in a theatre, looking at a well-played scene in a religious melodrama, and inclined to clap my hands, and cry bravo! [A fine copy of this picture ornaments the grand hall of Stafford House.]

In curious contrast with this splendid composition, I remember a little old picture, in which St. Sebastian is calmly exhorting his friends to die, their mother alone kneeling in supplication, very stiff and dry, but the heads full of simple expression.

Of the scene in which St. Sebastian confronts the Emperor on the steps of his palace, and pleads for the persecuted Christians, I have never seen any picture; yet painting could hardly desire a finer subject.

2. The martyrdom of St. Sebastian (for that is the name given to the scene in which he is shot with arrows) has often been painted, and with every variety of treatment, from three or four figures to thirty or forty. If the scene is supposed to be the garden on the Palatine Hill, he is bound to a tree (in one instance, as I remember, to an orange tree); if the scene is the hall or court, he is bound to a pillar; and the inscription, "*Sebastianus Christianus*," is sometimes affixed. The most ancient example is a curious fresco, painted on the walls of the cemetery of Priscilla, at Rome. The most celebrated example is the grand picture of Domenichino, in the church of S. Maria degli Angeli at Rome. Here the event is a grand dramatic scene, in which the attention is divided between the sufferings and resignation of the martyr, the ferocity of the executioners, and the various emotions of the spectators; there are about thirty-five figures, and the scene is a garden or landscape. In the large composition of Pinturicchio, the Colosseum is represented in the background, and the Emperor, wearing a kind of mitre (if it be not rather a priest), is seen directing the execution.

It is a great mistake respecting the ignorance or carelessness of the painter, when in the representations of the martyred St. Sebastian, an arrow is through his head (as in a composition by Tintoretto, and another by Albert Durer,) for such a wound must have been instantly mortal, and his recovery is always related as having taken place through natural and not through miraculous agency.

St. Sebastian recalled to life after his martyrdom, is a subject which has been frequently and beautifully treated. Sometimes he lies drooping in apparent death,—one arm yet bound to the tree, pitying angels draw the arrows from his wounds: sometimes Irene and her attendants are seen ministering. Of the first mode of treatment there is a fine example by Rubens; one yet finer by Van Dyck; and another by Procaccino; and in the second style, which is dramatic rather than ideal, there is an example in the Louvre, by Paul Veronese, and a composition attributed to Correggio, or from his school, engraved in London. In another composition which I have seen, Irene is attended by a physician.

In the legend of St. Sebastian, I find no account of his being tortured previous to his last execution; but I have seen a large Italian print in which he is bound on the rack—his armour lies near him—a Pagan priest is seen exhorting him to renounce his faith; and there are numerous other figures, dogs, &c. introduced (v. Bartsch, xix. 282.)

St. Sebastian is the favourite saint of the Italian women, and more particularly of the Roman women. His youth, courage and beauty of person, the interest of his story, in which the charity of women plays such an important part, and the attractive character of the representation, have led to this preference. In fact, instances are recorded of the figure of St. Sebastian producing the same effect on an excitable southern fancy that the statue of the Apollo produced on the "Girl of Provence"—a devotion ending in passion, madness and death.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.—This illustrious saint has never been so great a favourite in Italy and Germany, as in France—the scene of his life and miracles: we find him, consequently, less popular as a subject of art than many saints who may be considered as comparatively obscure.

St. Martin was the son of a Roman soldier, a tribune in the army, and born in the reign of Constantine: his parents were heathens; but for himself, even when a child, he was touched by the truth of the Christian religion, and received as a catechumen, at the age of fifteen, and before he could be baptized he was enrolled in the cavalry and sent to join the army in Gaul. Notwithstanding his extreme youth and the licence of his profession, St. Martin was a striking example that the gentler virtues of the Christian were not incompatible with the duties of a valiant soldier; and from his humility, his mildness of temper, his sobriety, chastity, and, above all, his boundless charity, he excited at once the admiration and the love of his comrades. The legion in which he served was quartered at Amiens in the year 332, and the winter of that year was of such exceeding severity that men died in the streets from excessive cold. It happened one day that St. Martin on going out of the gate of the city was met by a poor naked beggar, shivering with cold, and he felt compassion for him; and having nothing but his cloak and his arms, he, with his sword, divided his cloak in twain and gave one half of it to the beggar, covering himself as well as he might with the other half. And that same night, being asleep, he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him, having on his shoulders the half of the cloak which he had bestowed on the beggar; and Jesus said to the angels who were around him, "Know ye who has thus arrayed me? my servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, hath done this!" And St. Martin after this vision, hastened to receive baptism, being then in his eighteenth year.

He remained in the army until he was twenty, and then, wishing to devote himself wholly to a religious life, he requested to be dismissed; but the Emperor (Julian the Apostate, according to the legend, reproached him scornfully saying that he deserved to be dismissed because he wished to shun an impending fight; but; but St. Martin replied boldly, "Place me naked and without defence in front of the battle, then shalt thou see, that, armed with the Cross alone, I shall not fear to encounter the legions of the enemy." The Emperor took him at his word, and commanded a guard to be placed over him for the night; but early the next morning, the barbarians sent to offer capitulation; and thus to the faith of St. Martin, the victory was granted, though not exactly as he or his enemies might have anticipated.

After leaving the army, he led for many years a retired and religious life, and at length, in 371, he was elected Bishop of Tours. When invested with this high dignity, he was not less remarkable than before for his exceeding charity and humility. One day when preparing to celebrate mass in the cathedral, he beheld a wretched naked beggar, and desired his attendant deacon to clothe the man; the deacon showing no haste to comply, St. Martin took off his sacerdotal habit and threw it himself around the beggar—and that day, while officiating at mass, the consecrated wafer, in form a globe of fire, was seen above his head, to the great astonishment and admiration of the spectators. At another time, the son of a poor widow having died, St. Martin, through his prayers, restored him to his disconsolate mother. He also healed a favourite slave of the proconsul, who was possessed by an evil spirit; and many other wonderful things did this holy man perform, to the great wonder and edification of those who witnessed them. The devil, who was particularly envious of his virtues, detested above all his exceeding charity, because it was the most inimical to his own power, and one day reproached him mockingly that he so soon received into favour the fallen and the repentant; and St. Martin answered him sorrowfully, saying, "O most miserable that thou art! if thou also wouldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also wouldst repent, thou also shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ!" What peculiarly distinguished St. Martin was his sweet, serious unflinching serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or gay; he was greatly honoured by the Emperor Valentinian and his Empress, and also by the Emperor Maximus, and after a long life of religious self denial and active charity, died about the year 397.

Single figures of St. Martin are not common; he is either in the garb of a Roman soldier, or (which is much more frequent) he wears the mitre and stole, as bishop, and he has no peculiar attribute by which he may be distinguished. The famous subject called "La Charité de Saint Martin"—or, in English, "St. Martin dividing his cloak," has been treated in some celebrated pictures. I will mention two, as offering a signal contrast to each other in style and conception. Every one knows the famous Van Dyck, at Windsor, in which St. Martin, a fine martial figure wearing a cap and feather, brilliant with youth and grace and a sort of condescending good nature, advances on his white charger, and turning, with his drawn sword, is in act to divide his rich scarlet cloak with a coarse squalid beggar, while a gipsy-looking woman, with black hair streaming to the winds, holds up her child to receive the benediction of the saint. It is said that Van Dyck has here represented himself, and his favourite white horse; certainly the whole picture glows with life, animated expression and dramatic power, and strikes one like a scene.

How different, how infinitely more true in feeling, a picture by Carotto, which I remember over one of the altars in the church of St. Anastasia at Verona! The saint in military attire, but bare-headed, and with a pensive pitying air, bends down towards the poor naked beggar, who has, in his extremity, already wrapped one end of the mantle around his naked shivering body—while St. Martin prepares to yield it to him by dividing it with his sword. There is nothing here of the heroic self-complacency of the saint in Van Dyck's picture; but the expression is so calm, so simple—the benign humility of the air and countenance is in such affecting contrast with the prancing steed and panoply of war, that it is impossible not to feel that the painter must have been penetrated by the beauty and significance of the story, as well as the character of the saint. Of the same subject, there is a little woodcut by Albert Durer, containing only the two figures, very expressive.

The other scenes from the life of St. Martin are less peculiar and attractive. The miracle of the globe of fire, called "La Messe de Saint Martin," was painted by Le Sueur for the abbey of Marmonier. It is a composition of fifteen figures. St. Martin stands before the altar; he is characteristically represented as of low stature and feeble frame, but with a most divinely expressive face; the astonishment in the countenance of those around, particularly of a priest and a kneeling woman, is admirably portrayed, without interfering with the saintly calm of the scene and place. This picture is now in the Louvre. 'St. Martin raising the dead Child,' by Lazzaro Baldi, is in the Venetian Gallery. 'The Slave of the Proconsul healed,' is the subject of a coarse but animated composition, by Jordaens: St. Martin is in full episcopal robes—the possessed man writhing at his feet—the lord of the slave, attended by his followers, is seen behind, watching the performance of the miracle.

Among the innumerable stories related of St. Martin, there is one which

* I believe there are instances in old French Ecclesiastical sculpture of St. Martin standing as Bishop, with a goose at his side, but I have not yet met with such.

ought to be noted here, as an admirable subject for a picture, though I am not aware that it has ever been painted. On some occasion, the Emperor invited him to a banquet, and wishing to show the saint particular honour, he handed the wine-cup to him before he drank—expecting, according to the usual custom, that St. Martin would touch it with his lips, and then present it respectfully to his imperial host; but equally to the astonishment and admiration of the guests, St. Martin turned round and presented the brimming goblet to a poor priest who stood behind him. Thus showing that he accounted the least of the servants of God, before the greatest of the rulers of the earth. From this incident, St. Martin has been chosen as the patron saint of drinking, and of all jovial meetings. His festival, called *Martinmas* (Nov. 11th) used to be solemnized like the last day of carnival, as a period of licensed excess.

MY OWN RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIVER PLATE.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ., R. N.

The time of which I am about to write is some eight-and-thirty years ago, when Rear-Admiral De Courcy (having relieved the brave Sir Sidney Smith) had his flag flying at the mizen in the *Foudroyant*, 80, in the capacious and beautiful harbour of Rio Janeiro, where also were lying the *Marlborough*, 74, Commodore Graham Moore, the brother of the hero of Corunna, Sir John Moore, and the author of "Zeluco," Dr. Moore; the *Bedford*, 74, Capt. Walker; the *London*, 98,—I forget who commanded her; the *Agamemnon*, 64, Capt. Jonas Rose; a frigate, an 18-gun brig, and a smaller vessel or two.

Admiral De Courcy had not long assumed the command, and his habits and manners offered a striking contrast to those of his predecessor, the chivalrous Sir Sidney, who was always in state, his barges' crew in the highest order and condition, and his Aide-de-camp and Orderly constantly with him. On shore, he had a handsome carriage, drawn by six horses, his Aide-de-camp generally with him, and the Orderly well-mounted; and grandeur goes so far, that nothing could be more respectful than the behaviour of the Portuguese and Negroes to the richly-togged coachman, in his gorgeous livery. He had a pleasant house in a most picturesque neighbourhood, commanding an extensive view of Gloria Bay, with its pretty houses and gardens, and hills crowned with chapels, having the formidable battery of Santa Cruz and the Sugar-loaf in the distance, and the low fortified rock of Villegagnon (named after a French adventurer, who endeavoured to take possession of the city, but was driven here) midway. The opposite shores, clad in rich verdure, with St. Nicholas's Chapel on an elevated mount, scarcely ever visited, except by seamen bringing presents to propitiate the Saint, in order to obtain a blessing on their day of sailing, and soliciting a successful voyage. The dwelling of Sir Sidney was picturesque and tasteful, in a splendid garden, full of tropical fruits, and the panorama delightful. He generally wore full uniform, and at all times a cocked hat. All this created great reverence in the minds of the Portuguese; they were fond of show and titles, for many of the shopkeepers appeared behind their counters in the glittering star of knighthood, and the Admiral, with his parade gave them enough of it. He had also a very pretty place on the island of Cnacara Braganza, facing the city, which was spontaneously given to him by the Prince Regent, Don Juan, in commemoration of the 29th November, 1807, when His Royal Highness, with all his family, quitted Lisbon, and was received by the English fleet, the capital of Portugal being within a few hours afterwards occupied by French troops. One part of the island was converted into a store-yard, and the village was certainly a clean pretty place. The house of the Admiral was small, and rather dilapidated, but still its situation was most delightful; and many an evening, at the twilight hour, have I sat upon the terrace, whose base was washed by the mimic waves of the river, listening to the tones of convent bells on the numerous islands, summoning the pious to their prayers,—the last rays of the golden sun contrasted with the deep green of the embowering trees, and reflected on the smooth surface of the clear blue waters. Sir Sidney seldom visited it, except at a few intervals of retirement, or to amuse a pleasure party.

Of a very different character was De Courcy; he had no palace in miniature ashore, and though his wife and daughters were with him, he adhered to his ship; and whatever inconvenience this might have caused to the officers was yet amply repaid by the entertainments such society caused, and the polish the petticoats gave to the rough knots of the ward-room and cockpit, whose members were chiefly of aristocratic blood and breed. There was no supercilious pride; the delicacy of high breeding was mingled with the affability of genteel life. As for the kind-hearted old Admiral, he entertained no notions of display; he was of a noble family, and brother to the only man privileged to wear his hat in the presence of royalty; his seal of nobility was in his soul, and did not shine upon his back. Yet it was a strange spectacle to the natives to witness the landing of the Admiral, in a plain well-worn undress uniform, his coat hanging loosely about his person, no sword or side-arms, shoes upon his feet, and an elderly straw hat, bound with green riband, on his head—the only mark of distinction being the band of gold lace upon his sleeves, and tarnished epaulettes upon his shoulders. No state carriage, with powdered lackeys, awaited his approach, nor did any one, except occasionally his steward or a petted Midshipman, attend upon him; he strolled away from the landing-place and after making the tour of the palace-yard, was generally to be seen in the fish-market, cheapening some choice piscatory dainty for dinner, which not unfrequently he would carry, suspended on his finger, down to the boat; nay, I have seen him, when the barge has been crowded with company so as to render sitting inconvenient, walk forward, and take up a berth in the bows. It was said that Mrs. Admiral carried the flag; but as that matter was of a private nature, no one had a right to interfere, and, after all, much of the scandal originated in the Midshipmen's mess.

As a matter of course, the haughty Rio Janeiroans wondered at the change, but there were only a few who knew the Admiral personally, and so it passed off very well. Whoever saw bluff Graham Moore cannot fail to remember that he was no mincing dandy; and as for Capt. Walker, there was more of Ursa Major about him than the polish of civilization, though both were worthy men; and as for Jonas Rose, my eye! but it was joyous to hear him grumbling, he did it so heartily. And now I remember (for writing brings old associations to the memory) there was also that intended fire ship the *Lightning*, converted into a sloop of war, and commanded by Capt. Doyle (or Paddy Doyle, as he was more usually called), as wild a genius as ever lived, and the idol of the "weekly account" gentlemen at Plymouth and Portsmouth, where he took the lead in many a midnight row, and more than once was dragged through the principal streets of both towns in a post-chaise, drawn by jolly seamen. He tried a game or two at Rio; but it would not do, though it was hard fought for. The Swedish Consul cannot be living—even our then favourite Paddy is gone—or they would still bear in memory the following circumstance.

The Opera House stood adjacent to the palace, with a covered bridge com-

munication between the two. Paddy had dined at the palace with some lord-in-waiting, and the Swedish Consul was of the party; he was a quiet inoffensive man when sober, but rather fond of a glass of good wine and when over much was swallowed he was inclined to be quarrelsome. This was the case in the present instance, and whether provoked or not, he made some rather offensive allusions to the Commander of the *Lightning*, who immediately challenged him. Paddy walked into the Opera House to look for a brother officer, and not finding whom he wanted, he repaired to his boat that was lying at the steps near the Fountain, and having communicated with the coxswain, he ascertained that the crew were in the palace square and thither he repaired. The Consul, but little aware of the approximation of mischievous Paddy, was just mounting his mule to depart for his residence, no doubt much alarmed at the hostile mission he had received from Paddy, who now was advancing towards him, and the "Lightning's" having got sight of their Captain, were hurrying in the same direction. The Consul was a poor decrepit old man, and vainly endeavoured to get astride the mule, but not through age—the wine had overcome him—the animal stood perfectly still, but the saddle could not be attained. Paddy stood and looked upon him with strong feelings of contempt, and then turning to his laughing boat's crew, he said—"Bear a hand, lads—hoist him aboard."

This was no sooner uttered than it was carried into execution; the Swede was lifted (not over-courteously) into his seat, and for several minutes did he vainly strive to get the creature to move. There were several boats on shore waiting for officers, and the noise and fun very soon drew the crews to the spot. In vain the Consul bobbed up and down in his saddle and fancied he was rinking off—in vain he belaboured the sides of his mule—the animal positively refused to stir, and the Swede continued for several minutes the centre point of a ring of mockers, roaring with mirth. At length, Captain Doyle exclaimed—"Shure an he's hard and fast, my men—it would be a pity to leave a friendly flag in distress."

"Indeed, and yer honor, that's truth," hollered a sailor; "it's becalmed he is any how, so he is. Let's take him in tow, boys!"

This proposal was answered by a shout, which Paddy silenced, and then suggested, that "in towing they might capsize both mule and rider, but if they would raise mule and Consul together, they might carry them off with safety."

No sooner said than done—each rigid leg of the obstinate beast was seized by two or three men, and away went the Consul, "highly exalted," though scarcely sensible of his elevation. The animal did not kick or fling out, he remained perfectly patient under the operation, nor did the rattling cheers of the seamen at all disturb him—he was like a statue.

The man who had first answered Captain Doyle, released his right hand away from the fore leg of the beast, and touching his hat, exclaimed—"Here he is, your honour, whereabouts is it we shall pitch him to?"

Paddy gave directions to convey the Consul to his own domicile, and a fife of marines being at hand with his music, a procession by torch light was formed—the "rogue's march" was struck up, and away they danced in full glee. Unfortunately, however, before they got to the angle of the square, the mule became restive and kicked so viciously, that down they all came, the unfortunate Swede breaking his collar-bone in the fall. From the nature of the accident, it was supposed that Captain Doyle would have had a few words from Sir Sidney, (it was in his time,) but the Swede was too much ashamed to make any complaint; and besides, he had got rid of that which he most dreaded—the duello.

I have already named some of the ships that formed the squadron in the capacious harbour of Rio Janeiro, and believe there were two or three more, but cannot at this moment recollect their names. There was of Portuguese ships, the *Don Juan*, 74, afterwards gallantly captured by Sir Charles Napier, off the Tagus, by a frigate, the *Martin de Pietras*, 74, and several brigs of war, but these did not accompany us. It was in the early part of June a day of grim smiles and chilling tears; brightness succeeded by gloom and gloom followed by sunshine, as if the angel of mercy was striving to cheer a mourning head, but wept occasionally at his calamities. Blue Peter had been flying at the fore royal mast-head of the *Foudroyant* all the morning; at noon, the three topsails were loosed and sheeted home. Every ship hove short, but neither the Admiral nor any other weighed, as there was not a breath of wind out of the heavens, and this enabled us to get an additional supply of fresh fowls and soft tommy from the negroes in their canoes. All ears were on the alert listening for the *Foudroyant's* fliers, but none sounded. A light breeze sprang up about two, and up went 66 at the Admiral's main. In an instant all was bustle—the anchors were walked up to the bows, and the señoras of the city of San Sebastian saw the whole squadron under canvas to convey away the lovers and gallants with whom they had been accustomed to while away their leisure moments, which had not unfrequently been swelled into hours. To do the naval officers justice, however, there were but few who formed attachment to the senhorattas, nor did the ladies generally appear, except in certain instances, to cherish any very great regard for the navy boys; the fact was, the officers would not submit to the pastime of having their heads examined in the way that monkeys practise upon the hairy pimples of little boys.

The breeze carried us no lower than just outside Santa Cruz, there it totally failed, and the signal was made to anchor. It was promptly obeyed by the whole of the squadron, with the exception of the *Agamemnon*, that from being nearly the most seaward vessel, now came drifting in with the tide right down upon our anchorage ground.

"Why does not he bring up?" exclaimed our first Lieutenant, Mc Creery to old Humphreys, the master. "*Agamemnon*, ahoy—you'll be aboard of us presently!"

"Get out of my way then," answered Jonas Rose through his trumpet; "you small craft are in everybody's passage."

"My anchor is down," sang out our Commander, in reply; and then turning to the first Lieutenant, ordered—"Veer away, Mac—bear a hand my lads, and lighten up the cable."

The command was instantly obeyed, but the vessel having been checked in her drift when she brought up, did not gather impetus enough to get clear of the sixty four, which came down so rapidly that she caught our jib boom and snapped it short off at the cap. This was most unnecessarily and wantonly done, as there had been plenty of room for the *Agamemnon* to ride outside of us. Captain Rose stood aft by the taffrail, and our Commander looking up at him, exclaimed in anger, "That ship has been better handled before now, Sir—"

"Why did you not get out of my way, as I hailed you to do?" answered Captain Rose.

"It was impossible," returned the other, "unless I had cut; but you might easily have avoided it."

At this moment there was a noise on the sloop's top gallant fore-castle, and the veteran boatswain was seen shaking his fist at his brother officer of the sixty four, in defiance of the endeavours of his mates to stop him. "Here's a pretty lubberly trick," he shouted; "my eyes, if the owld boy had been alive he'd have blushed to have seed sich a set of know-nothings upon the good timber of his darling craft! And you call yourself a bosun, eh? why where did you get your warrant from? Look at that 'ere stick there," pointing to the wreck of the jib-boom; "why—you, there warn't a prettier spar in all His Majesty's dock-yards, an' now its ownly fit to make plugs for the jolly-boat."

"Silence there, forward," exclaimed our Commander, surprised to find his authority assumed by one so subordinate. But the boatswain was not to be so easily appeased, and he responded to the order,—

"It ain't in natur, Sir, to clap a stopper on one's tongue, and see a spar like that ere bamboozleefied in such a lubberly fashion. I must have my say, if I am brought to the fore yard arm for it. But never mind, she's a doomed craft from this here hour, and them as saveys my priddledidictions knows as they arn't to be made game off. Go there, you lubber," again shaking his fist at his brother boatswain. "Go then, I have done with you. Go, for a doomed craft."

Poor Pipes must really have felt what he expressed. At first his language and gesticulations were exceedingly outrageous, nor could any one near him restrain his anger, but at the last his voice sunk into the plaintiveness of real grief, as if he was actually witnessing the doom he had prophesied upon the favourite vessel of Lord Nelson, under whom he had most bravely served in the Vanguard and the Victory, at the Nile and at Trafalgar. But the truth must be admitted, that Pearson was a little cracked; he had received a serious hurt in his head at the burning of the Ajax, Capt. Blackwood, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, and an extra glass of grog always effervesced towards the weakest point, which was the case just now.

Every word that had been uttered was distinctly heard fore and aft in both vessels, but not a sound came in reply from the *Agamemnon* as (stopping our cable) she drifted past. But the moment we were clear the voice of Capt. Rose came loud and strong through his trumpet.

"Capt. Fabian, send that mutinous scoundrel on board here directly. Man the small cutter," to his First Lieutenant, "and send a Midshipman to the brig for him."

Pearson distinctly caught the order given, but he seemed to take no heed of it, and shouted to the fore-castle men, "Bear a band, my boys; clear away the booms; though you'll never find such another par, yet heave a-head, my souls, for the honour of your manhood, and show the lubbers how quick you can rig a broom-tick. There, never mind looking at the old beauty," he raised his voice and then mournfully lowered it again. "she's a doomed craft, ship-mates,—she's a doomed craft."

Fabian made no reply to the demand of Captain Rose; he seemed somewhat astonished at its positiveness, and, by the hasty manner in which he paced the confines of the diminutive poop, with flushed cheeks and impatient gestures, he seemed to be debating in his own mind whether he should accede to the order or not. In the meantime the quarter boat of the *Agamemnon* was slowly descending from the davits, and her small bower anchor splashed under her bow into the water as the small cutter hauled up, but, on account of veering away cable, she could not be brought to the gangway, for the crew to enter her.

At this instant the topsails of the brig began to rattle; a fresh of wind had come down upon us, circling in eddies round the Sugarloaf. Bang! went a gun, and away aloft went "66" again from the Admiral. "Up anchor," shouted Fabian; the bars were shipped in the capstan, and the messenger brought to before the call of the Boatswain's Mate was heard. "Heave round," roared Mac Creery, and the men danced off as if they were mad, the fiddlers struck "Off she goes;" but, though they played in quick time, the men got far a head of them in the step. In an almost incredible short period, not only was the anchor at her bows, but a cloud of canvas spread upon the masts—the jib-boom rigged out, and the jib set.

We could clearly discern that the *Agamemnon's* were vying with us, and we saw the small cutter pulling up towards us against the tide; but, before she could get near, we were rattling away seven knots, which, as the water was smooth and the breeze freshened, was soon increased to nine. The *Agamemnon's* boat returned back without accomplishing the purpose for which it was lowered, and Pearson, having seen all snug, went down to his cabin, repeating "She's a doomed craft—she's a doomed craft!" which exclamation appeared to make impression on some of the older seamen, whilst the youngsters laughed at it as the out-pourings of a half crazy brain. Capt. Rose took no further notice of the matter, and there it rested; and Pearson after a few hours' sleep appeared on deck perfectly rational and attentive to his duty. The Middies quizzed him now and then upon his temerity for indirectly blowing up Captain Rose, but he merely answered that "the carrying away such a sweet spar was enough to make him blow up the devil, for he should never get such another."

To what point the squadron was destined was an entire secret, but as a matter of course conjectures of all kinds were rife, some asserting that we were merely out on a cruise to wash the ships' bottoms, others that we were bound to Pernambuco, whilst a third party insisted that De Coorey was only making a run to the Cape of Good Hope, to dine with the Admiral upon that station; but the course we steered plainly indicated that these and many other surmises were wrong. The Isle of Grande was passed, and then it was reported that we were going to Santos Bay to secure treasure from the mines of San Paulo; but we swept past the Whale Rock without hauling up a single point, and then the rumour prevailed that a French fleet was off St. Catherine's, and we were in pursuit of them. This also proved as veracious as the rest, for though we sighted the island (and very prettily it looked,) yet no communication was held. There was now but little doubt that the River Plate was to be visited.

The squadron was more like a family party than an assemblage of men-of-war; there was an order of sailing, but nobody observed it; there were the usual directions for ships under an Admiral, but they were never enforced, the only rule being not to part company; and after a smart week's gale, in which they were all separated, but soon joined again in fine weather, we made Cape St. Maria, passed Lobos Island, and brought up within four leagues of Maldonado Bay, where the squadron anchored for the night. It was now nearly the dead of the winter in that part of the world, the sun being twenty degrees to the northward of the equator, and we experienced bleak, cold, piercing blasts that made us shake a cloth or two in the wind, and wish for warmer clothing. The first and second watches it was squally with rain, and our wild anchorage was by no means pleasant to the imagination, but we all held fast, and at day, light the signal was made to weigh. This was soon accomplished, and we continued under canvas for a short interval, standing off and on to wait for a pilot.

none however came, and Jonas Rose twice asked permission, with his flag, to lead the squadron in, which was answered, by signal, to "keep his station." Again he telegraphed that, "having been there before, he was well acquainted with the station," but the same reply was promptly returned, and we all stood for the entrance; but when within two miles, the Foudroyant hoisted "170," for "Ships indiscriminately to put into the port in view." The Agamemnon was nearest in with the land, and no sooner was the signal answered than she immediately bore up, under a press of canvas, to take the lead, and the rest followed cautiously at some distance in her wake, and we were amongst the sternmost.

Maldonado Bay is formed by a curved indentation in the main land, with a long narrow island outside, that forms very good shelter in strong winds, and nearly shuts it in. This island is named Goretta, and we saw the Agamemnon boldly round the point. The First Lieutenant, Mac Creery, was on the top-gallant forecastle of the brig, watching through his glass the progress of the sixty-four, and Pearson, the Boatswain, was standing near him, with his arms folded and looking very serious.

"Well, Pipes," said Mac Creery, "old Jonas is determined to have his way; he's rattling the Eggs-and-Bacon (a nickname given by sailors to the Agamemnon,) along in grand style. She is not much like a 'doomed craft' now?"

Pearson started at the remark and shook his head. "I hope, Sir," said he, "that no harm will happen to her, but Captain Rose seems over-officious in his zeal."

"He does—he does, indeed," answered Mac Creery hastily; "there seems to be a sort of presumption in it."

"Exactly so, Sir," rejoined Pearson mournfully. "God knows that now I bear him no ill will for carrying away the jib-boom, lubberly as he did it; and I should like to see the old ship—Aye—look, Mr. Mac Creery; she's brought up all standing!"

The Lieutenant gave an earnest gaze through his glass, and replied "She has indeed, old boy, hard and fast, every nail an anchor—she's ashore."

The rate of the Agamemnon's sailing had been rapid,—her hull was partly concealed from view by the island, over which her sails were conspicuous objects, as they seemed to fly along the upper outline of the land. Suddenly her way was deadened; she stood still, but for several minutes her canvas was as stiff as boards, but at the expiration of that time the sails were hurriedly clewed up, and left in great disorder to the mercy of the breeze,—down came her ensign, and was immediately hoisted again reversed as a signal of distress.

"There's '17' up on board the Admiral, Sir," exclaimed the Quarter-master from abaft; "shall I answer it, Sir?"

"To be sure," returned Mac Creery, "without a moment's delay,—though what can be the matter I should be puzzled to tell. There ought to be water enough to float her where she lies."

Up went the answering pennant; and, to show our alacrity, we packed on, and soon passed the other ships that were proceeding steadily in, with leads going on both sides. As we rounded the point we could see that the Agamemnon's boats were employed towing out the launch, with one of the bowers cockbilled over the stern; and Fabian, who was an excellent seaman, instantly comprehended that the sixty-four was aground, and, passing abreast of her, he let go both his anchors at some distance on her starboard bow, and whilst veering away the sails were rolled up snug—the launch with some difficulty pulled up under our stern and let go the bower, and in a few minutes we had the end of the Agamemnon's stream cable secured on board, and the capstans of both vessels went busily to work.

"Come here, Mr. Oldjunk," said Captain Fabian; and I promptly obeyed. "Take the jolly-boat, Sir, and bear a hand with my compliments to Captain Rose, and tell him if there is anything I can do to serve him, he has only to name it. Dye hear, Sir; and, perhaps, little as we are, still he may find that we are not to be despised. Do not tell him so; I would rather he should feel it: and this is no time to show resentment."

I did as directed, and on going alongside the Agamemnon found that she was fast upon the sands, heeling over, but that the water was up to her orlop-deck inside, and they were getting over the fore and main yards to shore her up. The men had been heaving, without stirring the ship an inch. The sand was not of that character to make her leak so fast, and when first shoaling her water she had dropped the best bower under her forefoot. It is true she was old, having been built in 1781, and Lord Nelson had knocked her about a good deal in the Mediterranean; but her filling so rapidly was considered to be something mysterious. As I went up the side the Boatswain and his Mates piped "heave and haul," and this was immediately succeeded by orders for every soul to bring up their hammocks and bags. The men hurried below, for the ship was heeling more over to starboard, and all hands were eagerly engaged in saving what effects they could get at, though a great portion of it was already floating about. This was very soon effected, and without much ceremony, every individual laying in again at the capstan bars to heave. A few minutes more and the water had risen above the lower deck.

Captain Rose was standing on the break of the poop, and I had some difficulty to get near to him. He appeared to be much distressed, but answered me with coolness. "Call your men out of the boat, Sir, and let them assist the poor fellows with their duds,"—and then, as if speaking to himself, he added, "I fear it is all over with the poor thing."

I obeyed, and was pleased at it, for it afforded me an opportunity of witnessing what was going on. There was very little water in the bay, and the ship was as immovable as a rock,—the shores that had been securely lashed, cracked and groined with the weight that was upon them, but they prevented her heeling entirely over. I thought of the time when Nelson stood on her deck in the pride of triumph. She was his first command, at the breaking out of hostilities in 1793, and he had manned her principally from his own county of Norfolk, and not a few from the neighbourhood of Burnham Thorpe. I called to mind what had been said of her, that in October, 1796, when she went into dock to be refitted, "there was not a mast, yard, sail, nor any part of the rigging, but was obliged to be repaired, the whole being so cut to pieces with shot. Her hull had long been kept together by cables frapped round her." And it was upon that deck that Nelson received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for himself and ship's company. It is not possible now to tell the enthusiasm that pervaded the minds of young officers, in those days, at everything connected with the departed hero. The name of Nelson filled every heart though it was seldom used upon the tongue, and never but in reverence. And now one of his memorials,—the craft to which he had been so much attached,—was lying in discomfiture, nearly diamast, and with every probability of becoming a wreck. There were still several of his old Norfolk men on board, and I fancied I could by their looks single them out from the rest,—one especially, a veteran Boatswain's Mate,—a short, thickset, brawny man, with a countenance of dogged determination, struggling against grief which he vainly

strove to conceal. He took up a piece of loose rigging, and gazing earnestly upon it, dashed it down again with a reckless vengeance, as much as to say, "What's the use—it's all over with her!" There was no maudlin sensibility about him,—it was all pure nature.

The ships of the squadron, taking the Agamemnon for a beacon, had anchored in safety, and all their boats had been sent to render assistance to the sixty-four,—so that at one time there could not have been less than eight hundred men on board of her. The lofty spars were all sent down,—the sails unbent, and the topmasts struck, and efforts employed to lighten her; but she would not stir. Captain Rose walked the deck as if he had been alone in the world,—there was a moody gloom upon his countenance, and he scarcely spoke to any one. The Lieutenants were extremely active, and every soul was strenuously exerted to get her afloat, every one expressing surprise that nothing would move her.

In the midst of the toil the Admiral came over the gangway. There was no one to pipe the side,—no salute offered,—but, leaning upon the arm of a seaman, he approached poor Jonas.

"She seems fast fixed, Captain Rose," said De Courcy; "have you not moved her at all?"

"Not an inch, Admiral, not an inch," replied the Captain; and then muttered to himself, almost inaudibly, "No, no; she is doomed,—she is doomed."

"Ees, Massa Cappin, he'em doomed for true," exclaimed a tall stout negro, with nothing on but a pair of trousers, and the water running down from his woolly head over his body, as he ranged up close to the Admiral.

"What do you mean, Jackson?" demanded Captain Rose, "what, have you been overboard?"

"Ees, Saar, ha have been under de bottom abreast de fore-chains," answered the black quickly. "golly, dere be big hole lib dere;" and then, addressing the Admiral, he shook his woolly pate, "Ship nebber sail again, Saar."

"What do you mean, my man?" demanded De Courcy, eyeing the negro from head to foot; "why shouldn't she sail again?"

"Tell me de time, Saar, when ship sail wid anchor troo de bottom, Saar," demanded the black with a grin. "No, no, Massa Admiral, yer honour, she nebber do dat."

And such was the fact,—as I have already said, in shoaling her water the Agamemnon's best bower was let go, and the cable being checked almost immediately, she had forcibly dragged it with her into shoaler water, it had caught her keel and turned over, and she had settled down upon it. The glory of the Agamemnon had departed,—she would no more spread canvas to the breeze or battle with the foe. The capstan bars were laid quietly aside,—twilight was near at hand, and the men were to be berthed for the night. In another hour the old ship was deserted. She was left alone upon her bed of death,—the waves and the winds moaned her requiem, and many a tar passed the dark watches in narratives of her former days.—[To be Continued.]

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

LORD PALMERSTON

In a debate some few years ago in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel excited considerable merriment by calling Lord Palmerston "a pure old Whig." The expression was felt to be an equivocal one. It might be taken as an ironical allusion to the ostentation with which the noble lord then paraded what he termed "Whig principles" before the House,—principles which he, at that time, adhered to with the tenacity, and propounded with the zeal, proverbial in recent converts; or, still in the same spirit of quizzing, the right honourable baronet might have meant to allude to the weight of authority which the noble lord added to any intrinsic truth there might be in the political views referred to; because, from the opportunities he has had of testing the opinions of other political parties of which he has, during his long life, been a member, his preference for "Whig principles" might be held to be the result of settled conviction. There was still another sense in which the sly humour which dictated the phrase might have designed it to apply to the noble lord.

The sexagenarian juvenility of Lord Palmerston has been the subject of much good-humoured railery. The public are already sufficiently familiar with the some stale jokes which the newspapers have for some time applied to the noble lord, because they have chosen to assume that he, more than most men, sacrifices to the Graces. Lord Palmerston is too respectable, both in talents and character, to be affected by such harmless nonsense; more especially as it is, in point of fact, founded on error. Nor should we here so particularly refer to the subject, but that not only in his outward man, but also in his mind, the noble lord certainly does reverse some of the usual laws of Nature. Although from early youth he has been, in some capacity or other, before the public, and, during the greatest part of the time, in the service of the state, it is only of late years that he has "come out" either as a statesman or as an orator. Perhaps this may have arisen from constitutional indolence, yet the restless activity of his subsequent ministerial career almost forbids the assumption. It may have been because he did not desire to thrust himself prominently before the public while he still occupied a position in the government comparatively subordinate: but a reference to Hansard will shew that at no time was the noble lord deficient in a characteristic propensity for self display, although his efforts in parliament for many years scarcely distinguished him from the ordinary herd of level speakers. Like the blossoming of the aloe, the parliamentary fruition of his genius, though long delayed, is marvellous. Few, indeed, are the men who, after passing through a youth and manhood of indifference, apathy, or, at the utmost, of persevering mediocrity, could, long after the middle age has passed, after the fire of life might be supposed to be almost exhausted, blaze out, like the sacred flame on the altar of the fire-worshipper, at the very moment of decay. In this respect, as in many others, Lord Palmerston is a puzzle. He has begun where most men end. Long passed over and forgotten by Fame, he suddenly recalls her, and arrests her in her flight, compelling her to trumpet forth his name. Not even recognised as a statesman but classed among the Red Tapists; as a speaker ranked with the steady-paced humdrums; he was almost the very last man in the House of Commons on whom one would have fixed as being likely ever to rival Lord John Russell in the leadership of the Whig party. Suddenly, without apparent cause, without its being discovered that he had become possessed of the elixir of life, he astonished his contemporaries by the display of a vigour which neither his youth nor middle-age had shewn; he entered the lists alike with the veterans and the young, ardent spirits of the House of Commons, proving himself a very master of the art which he had thus with so tardy a haste essayed, and raising himself to a level with the very best speakers, nay, even ultimately rivalling Lord Lyndhurst himself in the ability and power with which he used the ordinary weapons of party for the annoyance of his foes. Like the sleeping prince in the fairy tale, although by the influence of the spell half an age had passed over his bodily frame, the fire and energy of his early days re-

mained. The heat, the vigour, even the rashness of youth, were in him most strangely combined with the authority and experience of more advanced years. The hero of Godwin's romance did not more secretly or more instantaneously discard the crust of time. It is told of Mathews, that one of his most pleasing pastimes was—suddenly, chancewise—to mingle with any group of boys, asking to join in their play: when he would, by the force of his rare genius for imitation, throw himself completely into the childish character, romp with them, cheat with them, quarrel with them; till, although they could not at first quite fraternise with the very tall stranger, they gradually began to look on him as less unlike themselves, and, at last, admitted him to the full rights of companionship. Similar, one may suppose, were the feelings of the leading men of the House of Commons, when Lord Palmerston, after having wilfully hid his powers so long, burst out upon them as a first-rate speaker. It took them some time to believe it possible, but gradually their incredulity gave way under the proofs of his ability and vigour, and they now acknowledged to the utmost of their admiration the mistake which they, in common with the noble lord himself, had made during so many years. Like some diseases, Lord Palmerston's oratorical and political talent was chronic; it required time for its development.

All things taken into account, Lord Palmerston is, perhaps, the best debater among the Whig leaders of the House of Commons. In the different qualities which, when combined, go to render a man an orator, he is excelled by many individuals among his contemporaries. Lord John Russell shews more tact, more intimate acquaintance with party history (not with parties, for, in that knowledge, Lord Palmerston beats all men living, having been a member of almost every government within the memory of man), greater skill in pointing allusions to the political errors of opponents, and altogether more refinement in the management of his parliamentary case. In eloquence, both of conception or in delivery, Lord Palmerston is, of course, excelled by Mr. Sheil or Mr. Macaulay, and even by men holding a far inferior rank as speakers. In soundness and vigour of argument he cannot stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Cobden or with Earl Grey (when that nobleman does justice to his own powers), or even with Mr. Charles Buller. Each speaker on his own side, in fact, is in advance of him in some particular quality of the orator. Yet no one would for a moment hesitate to place Lord Palmerston amongst the first speakers in the House of Commons, or would deny that he had derived from hearing one of that nobleman's speeches as much pleasure of its kind, as if he had listened to the most brilliant efforts of Macaulay, the most spirit-stirring of Sheil, or the most skilful and satisfying of Lord John Russell. The peculiarity in Lord Palmerston which gives him this singular power of charming with an oration as a whole, the several parts of which are not calculated to please, if critically analysed, is the thorough and hearty spirit of partisanship, not malignant, or angry, or mean, as is that of most zealous advocates of embodied opinion or interests, but frank, manly, open-hearted, and undisguised, so much so as to assume almost a sportive character, as if parliamentary politics were a mere pastime, a kind of relaxation from the heavier cares or labours of administration or of ordinary political life, in which all men are bound by a sort of mutual compact, answering to the laws of a game, to exert their utmost powers to excel or to overcome each other, for the sake of the distinction and applause which are the reward of success.

This peculiarity must always be borne in mind in forming our opinion of the noble lord. He takes up political questions in parliament in the true forensic spirit, but also with much of that interest which an advocate feels, not so much in the fate of his client as in the success of his own efforts. Lord Palmerston appears to feel in a less degree the importance of "Whig principles" than the advantage of a triumph for the Whig party, and for himself as a member of the party. In this he differs from Lord John Russell, who ministers to party feeling only so far as it is identified with the principles which he considers ought to regulate him. Lord Palmerston, if he is one of the most ready, facile, clever, adroit, among the leaders of the Whigs in either House, appears also to be one of the least earnest. His politics are as a garment, worn because it is thought to be the most becoming. As far as it is possible to divine the motives of public men, hidden as they sometimes are for years under accumulations of almost necessary deceit, this appears to be the ruling tendency of Lord Palmerston's public character. On one subject alone is he always terribly, inconveniently in earnest—the praise of his own foreign policy. However artificial may be his advocacy on other questions, however he may, when he is determined to make a good party speech, spur himself out of the languor which seems to be his habit of body if not of mind, no such aids to his energy are required when the doings of Viscount Palmerston, sometime her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, are concerned. But of this more hereafter.

Lord Palmerston, in a very good speech—a sort of summary of the session, *a la* Lord Lyndhurst, which he made at the close of the parliamentary campaign of 1842—said of Lord Stanley, "No man is a better off-hand debater than the noble lord, but off-hand debaters are apt to say whatever comes in their heads on the spur of the moment, without stopping to consider whether it is strictly the fact." Had the noble ex secretary been engaged in painting his own portrait instead of Lord Stanley's, he could not more successfully have hit on a leading trait. It is chiefly on this very account that Lord Palmerston is so useful to his party as a debater. A more thoroughly sincere politician would be more cautious. He would have more reverence for truth, more respect for political character. Resting his faith on principles, he would be more chary of trifling with the facts on which they are founded. But Lord Palmerston is a debater, not a statesman. He is a first-rate gladiator in the great political arena, and usually a successful one; but, gladiator-like, he inquires little whether the cause he fights in be the cause of truth, being only anxious to shew his own skill and overcome his rival. The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home-thrust, is only equalled by corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. In these qualities, Sir James Graham approaches the nearest to him. But Lord Palmerston, besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, can work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles (just as Sir James used, in former days, to give a high colouring to his Conservatism), and can do it so well that it really required considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and the reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practised debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score, but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular

case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds the argument of an opponent either unanswerable, or that it could only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion. He very well understands the temper of the House of Commons, and especially of his own party. He knows exactly what will win a cheer and what ought to be avoided as calculated to provoke laughter in an assembly where appreciation of what is elevated in sentiment is by no means common. He is good at parliamentary clap-traps, and an invaluable coadjutor in the leadership of a party, which, for want of some common bond of cohesion, and distracted as the Whig-Radical party was by conflicting opinion and interest, required to be kept in good-humour by the meaningless yet inspiring generalities of Liberalism. Of the sort of quasi philosophical language—the slang of undefined but developing democracy—which pleases the crude, unformed minds of those who are self-chosen to decide on public affairs, and on the conduct of trained statesmen and practised politicians, Lord Palmerston is a master. He is clever at setting traps for such vain and voluntary dupes. Vague and rapid generalities become, under the magical influence of his congenial intellect, high-sounding and inspiring principles. His process of development, unlike that ascribed to the material world by a recent theorist, stops short at the nebulous stage. To resolve these seductive immaterialities into their elements, so that they might form more natural combinations—to allow the misty mass to become concrete—to let relaxed Whiggism consolidate itself into Chartism, or even into more congenial and more despised Radicalism, would be most inconvenient and disagreeable to one who, like Lord Palmerston, is a thorough aristocrat in all his real self-confessed thoughts and prejudices, and who is disposed to treat all *parvenus* in politics with the genuine heartfelt contempt, hereditary *hauteur*, of a "pure old Whig."

It partly follows from these things that Lord Palmerston is a good political tactician. He scents keenly and quickly the changing wind. He politically thinks little, but he observes much. A superficial glance is sufficient to decide him on his line of conduct, because the popular feeling of the hour is what he seeks to captivate. He is clever in the arithmetic of party. He counts heads, and with the increase of numbers corresponds his swelling periods. This sort of time-serving policy is not usually favourable to political foresight, nor would any one be disposed to accord that quality in any remarkable degree to Lord Palmerston.

Yet we are going to exhibit the noble lord in the character of a prophet. We would much rather attribute to his sagacity what we are, however, compelled to ascribe to some unlucky accident,—the fact that he foretold not only the free trade policy of Sir Robert Peel, but also the period of its adoption. Speaking in September 1841, Lord Palmerston said, "The right honourable baronet had said that he was not prepared to declare that he would never propose a change in the Corn laws; but he certainly should not do so unless at the head of an united cabinet. Why, looking at the persons who form his administration, he must wait something near five years before he can do it." It is a remarkable coincidence, that in four years and eight months from the date of this prediction, Sir Robert Peel introduced his measure for the repeal of the Corn-laws. So well did the Whigs understand their man.

To securing success as a debater, Lord Palmerston sacrifices the hope of becoming a first rate orator. It is the province of the orator, while he is appealing to the passions or developing the policy of the hour, also to shape and polish his discourse and to interweave in it what will render it interesting at all time. Such qualities and such objects are not to be distinguished in the excellent party speeches of Lord Palmerston. They are made for the House of Commons, not for posterity. Except in the clap-traps we have mentioned, there is no ambitious language, no pretence of that higher eloquence which will stir the hearts of men after the particular voice is dumb and the particular man dead. You cannot pick extracts out of his speeches which will bear reading, and will excite interest, apart from the context. There are no maxims or aphorisms, nor any poetical illustrations or passages of declamatory vehemence; but, on the other hand, the language is choice, the style pure and simple, the construction of the sentences correct, even elegant, and the general arrangement of the topics skilful in the extreme. The speeches seem not to be prepared with art, yet they are artful in the extreme; and there is a general harmony in the effect, such as might be expected from the spontaneous outpouring in argument of a highly cultivated and well regulated mind. And although, as has been said, he is chargeable with inordinate garrulity on the subject of his foreign administration, yet you will sometimes find him speaking on topics personal to himself in a high and gentlemanly tone, quite unaffected, and which is extremely impressive. It is because his party speeches are a sort of serious pastime that he can at will throw aside all party feeling, and speak in a manly and elevated tone on a great public question. One of his amusing peculiarities is to identify himself with his party in all their great proceedings. "We" acceded to power; "We" brought in such a measure; "We" felt this or that; a sort of "I-and-my-king" style, which, in the somewhat self-important tones of the noble lord, and associated with his reputation for dictatorship in his own official department, sometimes borders on the ludicrous.

However much Lord Palmerston may fall into the sham-patriotic vein in his usual party speeches, there is one subject on which, as we have said, he is inconveniently in earnest. Touch his foreign policy, and on the instant his soul is in arms. Nay, he does not wait till it is touched, aspen like though his vanity be on that theme. So intimately possessed is he of the absolute excellence of his foreign administration, and of its importance to mankind, that he is unceasingly, and without being asked, expounding and explaining it. He defends himself spontaneously, without having been attacked; and he never defends himself without gratuitously attacking some one else. Sir Robert Peel once charged him, in well sugared parliamentary phrase, with assurance. The imputation was well aimed; every one instantly responded to it; for, indeed the noble lord has no unnecessary modesty in speaking of himself or his services. He is assiduous, and altogether unrestrained by delicacy, in trumpeting his own exploits as foreign minister. All the wars he didn't and all the wars he did bring about; all his dexterous manoeuvres by which, while proclaiming peace, he was countenancing a kind of war in disguise; these have been paraded session after session, upon all imaginable pretexts, before the House of Commons, till Lord Palmerston's pertinacity has become proverbial. His *amour propre*, in fact, on the subject of his foreign policy almost takes the shape of a mania. His constant references to it, and the extent to which he has trespassed on the patience of the House, have detracted, to a considerable extent, from the influence which his undeniable talents as a speaker, and even his admitted abilities as a foreign minister, have long since entitled him to and secured for him. He is so easily excited on this topic, that whatever subject he may be

talking on, however much his speech may necessarily be confined to subjects of a domestic nature, his mind seems by a natural affinity to glide into the one great theme which occupies his thoughts. At a guess, it might be hazarded that, taking the average of his speeches during the last ten or twelve years, four-fifths of them, at least, have consisted of self-praise, or self-defence, in connexion with his foreign policy.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lord Palmerston is, therefore, held in any contempt by the house. Quite the reverse. They may think that he shows a want of taste and tact in thus yielding so constantly to the ruling influence of his mind; but they are not the less prepared to award him the full amount of praise, and, what he more values, of attentive listening, to which his position, whether officially or legislatively entitles him. They are willing to admit that, as the foreign minister of England, he has shewn himself animated by something of the spirit of the great Earl of Chatham, in his magnanimous determination to uphold, at all hazards, the national honour. His task was to make a peace-at-any-price party, pursue a war-at-any-price policy. It was his duty, as well as his ardent desire, to make the English name respected throughout the world. He took a high tone with foreign nations; and they felt that, while Lord Palmerston was at the head of our foreign affairs, they could not insult us with impunity. The House of Commons were fully aware of these things, and were disposed to respect him accordingly; but while listening to his perpetual explanations and justifications, they could not help feeling that a minister who was thus paltering between peace and war was very likely to illustrate the old adage, concerning the ultimate fate of him who tries to sit on two stools. They saw that his policy, instead of shewing itself in a quiet dignity, was detracted from by a restless spirit of intermeddling, a habit of provoking the irritability of foreign nations, as if for the mere purpose of shewing our strength to disregard it. An opponent characterised his proceedings by the terms, "restless activity and incessant meddling." Lord Palmerston seems conscious that such is the opinion entertained of his conduct; for he has himself quoted the terms and deprecated such an application of them.

But the verdict seems to have been pronounced by the House of Commons, than the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston has been more spirited, vigorous, expert, that politic, dignified, or wise. It is confessed that he has enlarged views, which, perhaps, he has scarcely had a fair opportunity of developing; but, at the same time, it appears to be felt that the steps he took to carry out those views acted as so many obstructions. He was for universal peace and free commercial intercourse, but he thought to obtain them by bellicose demonstrations. He had Peace in his mouth, but War in his right hand.

Out-of-doors, Lord Palmerston is very much misunderstood. The popular idea of him represents him as an antiquated dandy. He is really nothing of the sort, but a man of unusual vigour, both of mind and body, upon whom time has made less impression than usual. He is not more particular in his dress than are most men of his station in society; and if he be charged with sacrificing to the Graces, all we can say on the subject is, that we could point out a hundred members of the House of Commons, of all ages, who are more open to ridicule on this score than Lord Palmerston. Any pretension he may have is, in fact, not personal but mental. His bearing is eminently that of the gentleman, quiet and unassuming, but manly. As a speaker, his physical powers are scarcely equal to what his mind prompts him to achieve. There is a kind of faded air which you cannot help observing; but this impression may, after all, only arise from a constitutional languor of manner, and from the peculiar intonation of his voice, which has a hollow and fluty sound. With all his talents as a debater, he wants that special combination of personal dignity with popular qualities, which alone could qualify him to be the sole leader of his party, should any cause bring about the secession of Lord John Russell.

SIR R. SALE.

This brave and skilful officer gained so much deserved renown by his heroic defence of Jellalabad, in a period of severe danger, that his death must be deplored as a general calamity. For half a century he has been constantly engaged in the Indian army, always serving with honour and distinction, and frequently performing brilliant achievements. He was in his 64th year when he received his death wound on the field of Moodkee. He met a soldier's fate, and, probably, the death he would have chosen; yet the wish cannot be repressed that he had been permitted to pass the closing years of his life in peace, and to enjoy the honours and fortune which no man living has better deserved, or has won more hardily.

Sir Robert Sale was born on the 19th of September, 1782. He was the second son of a colonel in the East India service, and, early choosing a military career, he obtained an ensigncy in the 36th Foot on the 24th February, 1795, and within two years from that time he was advanced to the rank of a lieutenant, and immediately proceeded to India. In the course of the next year he exchanged into the 12th, and served with the army that Lord Harris commanded at the battle of Mallavelly, which memorable action took place on the 27th of March, 1799. Again, on the 4th of May, in the same year, we find his name mentioned with honour as having been much distinguished at the siege of Seringapatam, although still a subaltern. He served throughout the whole of the campaign of 1801, under General Stevenson, yet it was not until the month of March, 1806, that he became a captain, being then in the 24th year of his age.

In little more than three years from that time he married Florentia, daughter of the late Mr. George Wynch. Sir Robert's marriage, which took place in the month of May, 1809, does not appear to have interfered in the slightest degree with that ardent devotion to his professional duties which seems to have been at all times the distinguishing feature of his character. Within a few months after his marriage we find that he formed part of the army which, under the command of Colonel Chalmers, stormed the Travancore lines; and again, under General Abercromby, he aided in the capture of the Mauritius. Notwithstanding the activity and efficiency of Captain Sale, his promotion proceeded slowly; he had passed through a distinguished career of eighteen years before he reached the rank of a field-officer, his majority bearing date in the year 1813. The regiment to which he belonged was the 2d battalion of the 12th; and that having been reduced in the year 1818, Major Sale was placed upon the half-pay list.

Notwithstanding the ardour of his character he submitted to three years of inactivity; but then his temperament would allow him no longer to remain from professional occupation. Accordingly, in June, 1821, he "paid the difference," exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and with that regiment proceeded in 1823 to the scene of his early services; and once more we find him engaging in the military operations then going forward in India under Sir Archibald Campbell. He was present at the capture of Rangoon, in May, 1824, where his heroism became an object of especial notice to the military authorities on the

spot and of general admiration throughout India. It was on the 10th of June in the same year that he stormed the stockades near Kemmendine. That service was considered of so much importance, that he received the thanks of the commanding officer on the field of battle. The gallantry and skill displayed by him on that occasion were further noticed in the general orders issued on the 10th of July following. Upon the first of December in the same year he stormed the enemy's line, and on the 5th of that month he led a body 1,600 men in an affair which terminated with signal success, the enemy having been driven from every one of their positions. He likewise achieved another equally distinguished victory near the great Pagoda of Rangoon. On the 15th December, 1824, he received a severe wound in the head while storming an intrenchment of the enemy near Koskein, making altogether four victories in the course of one month; every one of them hard-fought battles.

As was to have been expected, his services were again noticed in the general orders; his fame spread, and he was advanced to the command of a brigade sent to reduce Bassein, in which object he proved, as usual, to be eminently successful, as well as in the subsequent operations from the 10th of February to the 2d of May, 1825. The rank of lieutenant-colonel was conferred upon him on the 2d of June, 1825; on the 1st of December following he distinguished himself in command of the 1st Brigade, repulsing the Shauns and Burmese at Promé, and attacking the lines and height in the neighbourhood of that place on the succeeding day. He received a severe wound on the 18th of January, 1826, in storming Malown or Melloon, but his gallant conduct was immediately acknowledged by the Commander-in-Chief, and he was presented with the badge and ribbon of a Companion of the Bath. On the 28th of June, 1831, he became a colonel by brevet.

The advance throughout the campaign in Affghanistan was confined to the 1st Bengal Brigade of the Army of the Indus, and from October, 1838, the command of this brigade was held by Sir Robert Sale. He likewise led the detachment of 2,500 men who were sent to Girishk in May, 1839; and on the 23d of July he commanded the gallant band which stormed and carried the fortress of Ghuznee. A sabre wound in the chin, and musket-bullets in the chest and shoulder, were to Sir Robert the results of this formidable conflict; but not the only results, for his services were suitably acknowledged in the general orders of Lord Keane, and her Majesty conferred upon him the local rank of major-general, with a star of a Knight Commander of the Bath; while Schah Soojah-ool Moolk added his name to the list of those Eastern knights who constitute the Order of the Dooranee Empire.

The forces sent to subdue the Konistan country in September, 1840, were entrusted to the command of Sir Robert Sale; on the 29th of that month he assaulted and took the town and fort of Tootum Durrah. Before the 3d of the following month the fort of Jhoolghur yielded to his attacks, and in less than a fortnight Baboo-Koosh-Ghur was added to his triumphs; in four days more he destroyed the fort of Kar Durrah. On the 2d of November he expelled the enemy under the command of Dost Mahommed Khan from the forts and town of Perwan; and was enabled to return to Cabul by the flight and surrender of Dost Mahommed, whose submission Sir William Macnaghten received. These triumphant results were acknowledged by Schah Soojah, who raised Sir Robert Sale to the first class of the Order of the Dooranee Empire.

The series of events which immediately preceded the heroic defence of Jellalabad are still fresh in the public memory. In that year (1841) he commanded the brigade which stormed the Khoord Cabul pass, drove the enemy from off the heights of Teezen, with eminent skill forced the Jugdulluck pass, stormed the fort of Mamoo Khail, and finally retreated upon Jellalabad. Here, from the 12th of November, 1841, to the 7th of April, 1842, he was shut up with the garrison by the besieging forces. After numerous sorties, with varied success, their intrepid commander led the wearied prisoners to a final effort; and on the last mentioned day attacked and utterly routed the besieging army under the notorious Akbar Khan, capturing their guns, ammunition, and camp. In forcing the Khoord Cabul pass he was shot through the leg, and he was also slightly wounded in storming the heights of Jugdulluck, where he commanded a brigade; but he enjoyed the gratification of contributing to those closing operations which redeemed the British name in Affghanistan. He took a part in the general action of Teezen, and the recapture of Cabul; and was immediately afterwards created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, receiving the thanks of Parliament for "the skill, intrepidity, and perseverance displayed in the military operations in Affghanistan." In the month of December, 1843, he was rewarded with the command of the 13th, or Prince Albert's Regiment of Light Infantry; and, after a short visit to his native country, he returned to India to close the 51st year of his military service.

Imperial Parliament.

VOTE OF THANKS TO THE INDIAN ARMY.

House of Commons, March 2.

SIR R. PEEL, said he was about to propose that the thanks of the commons should be offered to the officers and men who in the recent operations in India had by their brilliant valour, sustained the reputation of their country, and proved themselves worthy of the service to which they belonged.—(Loud cheers.) He could hardly have believed it possible to find in this country any body of men who would have signed a petition to deprive them of the reward which they so richly deserved. The resolution would not touch upon any matter of political controversy; but would be confined to an acknowledgment of the military skill, discipline, and valour of the troops. The history of the Panjab was probably well known to all from its connection with our operations in Affghanistan. The government of the Panjab had been mainly directed by that powerful soldiery over which Runjeet Sing established his authority, but which, since his death, had controlled the acts of both the civil and military authority by repeated insurrections—by perpetual mutinies for increase of pay. The chief object of the government, of the landed proprietors, and of the Sikhs, had been to provoke a collision with the British authorities—not with a desire to maintain their military reputation, but with the object of freeing themselves from this force by sacrificing it in war.—(Cheers.) Such has been the main object of public policy which influenced the government of the Panjab. The view which his gallant friend (Sir Henry Hardinge) took of the policy of the Indian government was this—he thought the dominions of the British crown were sufficient for every purpose, and that its interests would not be promoted by an acquisition of the territory of the Panjab. He determined, therefore, to resist every temptation to aggression. His desire was to see a native government in the Panjab capable of making itself independent of, and keeping in subordination the army of Lahore; yet he determined to adhere to the policy of not interfering; whilst, however, that was his policy, he was not; insensible to the danger arising from the existence on our Indian frontier of a profligate government controlled by a licentious

soldiery.—(Hear.) Cautiously abstaining from anything that might excite the jealousy of the government of Lahore, he took all possible precautions that might prevent aggression on our force. The impression of his right hon. friend was that it was highly improbable that any attack would be made by the army of the Punjab on the British territory. There were good reasons why he should not have collected for the last two or three years an immense British and native army on the banks of the Sutlej. Constant efforts had been made by the government and the military leaders of the army of the Punjab to corrupt our forces. The pay of a Sikh infantry soldier in the Punjab was about 25s. a month. The pay of the Sepoy infantry soldier in British India was about 15s. a month.—(Hear, hear.) And constant appeals were made indirectly through the medium of a common language and religion to seduce the Sepoys from their fidelity. He rejoiced that those efforts were wholly without success.—(Cheers.) Still, it was prudent probably not to bring together an immense force of British troops, to see within a few miles of them a soldiery exempt from all restraint, and extorting, from the fears of their leaders, increased pay.—(Hear.) The army of the Punjab intending to effect an irruption into the British territory, it was difficult to foresee on what point the aggression would take place. There were about 24 ports on the Sutlej beyond Ferozepore capable of being passed. His right hon. friend, upon these considerations, considered it more consistent with policy and prudence to keep this force at Ludiana and Ferozepore, and have the main body of his army in reserve. This course had the approval of the highest military authorities. He thought the governor general had taken every precaution he could to protect the British dominions in case of unexpected and unprovoked aggression. At an early period of the year, our relations with the court of Lahore had become so embarrassing that the unanimous opinion of the council was, that he should proceed to join the army. Up to the early part of December it was the opinion of the governor-general that there would not be an irruption from the right bank of the Sutlej into the British territory; and, so far as he could be guided by the light of experience, he had every reason to draw such conclusions. In 1843, the army of Lahore had advanced towards the Sutlej; but, upon remonstrance of our political agent, the army returned and abandoned the attempt. In 1844, exactly the same course had been pursued. Towards the end of November, the governor-general received information from Lahore, that the chiefs had agreed on their plan of operations. It was difficult to speculate as to what would be the ultimate decision of the governing powers of Lahore, and to the latest period there was the greatest uncertainty and indecision in the councils of the Durbar, and there could be no confidence as to the result of the deliberations. On the 7th December the governor-general advised the troops from Umballa to move towards the Sutlej; they consisted of about 8,500 men. On the day on which the army of Lahore crossed the Sutlej (the 11th of December) the British forces were on their march from Umballa to the frontier. All the proceedings of the governor-general and the commander in chief subsequently to that day, as they had been previously, were marked by prudence and success.—(Cheers.) They effected their junction with the Ludiana force, and thinking it better to concentrate their forces, and rather to peril Ludiana than to encounter the dangers of a divided army, determined on moving towards Ferozepore. They learned by the way that the whole army of Lahore, amounting to no less than 50,000 or 60,000, had crossed the Sutlej, and proposed attacking Ferozepore. But there being 7,500 men at that place, with thirty-five heavy guns in position, besides twenty four field pieces, the Lahore army shrank from the attack. The army of Lahore, hearing that the governor general was advancing with a force from Umballa, made a sudden attack upon it, on the 18th December, when the men had been marching 150 miles by forced marches, suffering extremely from want of water. But such was the discipline of that force, that though greatly inferior in number, it repelled the whole attacking force—at least treble its own number—and captured seventeen guns.—(Loud cheers.) On the 21st December, the commander in chief and the governor general, effected a junction with Sir John Littler's division, and there remaining about three hours' daylight, they determined not to wait till next morning, but at once to attack the enemy in their entrenched camp. The result proved the valour of the British and native forces in a pre-eminent degree.—(cheers)—and entitled them to the warmest acknowledgment on the part of their country and their sovereign.—(Cheers.) The night of the 21st of December was indeed memorable. The victory was completed on the following day. They occupied a part of the entrenchments. The camp of the enemy took fire. Further encounter was for a time suspended in consequence; but when the fire abated, the army of Lahore brought forward their artillery, and poured adrestructive fire on the British forces. A letter received from Sir Henry Hardinge, by a member of his family, perhaps gave a livelier idea of the affair than the official account; he would read an extract:—

"The night of the 21st was the most extraordinary in my life. I bivouacked with the men, without food or covering (and our nights are bitter cold); in front were our brave fellows, who were lying down, under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole of the night, mixed with the cries of the Sikhs, the English 'hurrah,' and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men who had carried the battle the day before, I remained until morning, taking very short intervals of rest, while lying down with various regiments in succession, to ascertain their temper and revive their spirits. My answer to every man was, that we must fight it out; attack the enemy at day-break vigorously and beat him, or die honourably on the field. When morning broke we went at it in true British style. Gough led the right. I placed myself, with dear little Arthur at my side, in the centre, about thirty yards in advance of the men, to prevent their firing. And thus they drove the enemy, without a halt, from one extremity of the camp to the other, capturing 40 or 50 guns.—(Cheers.) "They then drew up in line, saluting Gough and myself as we went along, and lowering their colours as if on parade. The mournful part of the narrative is the heavy loss sustained. Of twelve aides-de-camp, ten were borne from the field, five killed and five wounded. The fire of grape, from 100 guns, was most destructive. The Sikh army are well trained, and the most warlike in India." (Loud cheers.) From his affectionate regard for that man, he (Sir R. Peel) was proud to exhibit him on such a night.—passing from regiment to regiment, lying on the ground with them, keeping up their spirits, animating their valour, and having ten out of twelve aides de camp removed from the field, placing his young son Arthur, a youth of eighteen years of age.—(cheers).—in the front of the troops, to induce them not to fire, but to rely on the British bayonet. His gallant friend, in visiting the Sepoys afterwards, took another with him, who had the misfortune to lose a leg, thus exhibiting to the troops a governor-general who had lost an arm, and his son, who had lost a leg in the same service, showing the troops that their dangers were shared by those who held the highest stations.—(Cheers.) He thought the house would be of opinion, that the commander-in-chief, that

the second in command, his gallant friend, and that the gallant army which they led, performed exploits worthy of the national gratitude. (Cheers.) The pride and satisfaction derived from these gallant exploits were no doubt greatly counterbalanced by the loss of so many of the highest distinction and the greatest prowess, amongst others, that gallant officer, Sir R. Sale.—(Hear, hear, hear.) He has closed a long career of military glory by that death, which he himself deemed a death of glory. "*Felix etiam (in his opinion) pro patria moriar.*"—(Cheers.) He hoped the house would mark the estimation in which they held the services of Sir R. Sale, by an address to her majesty, representing that if she thought fit to record his gallant exploits by a monument erected to this memory.—(Cheers.) The house will gladly vote the requisite funds for the object.—(Cheers.) We have lost two other superior officers—General M'Caskell and Major Broadfoot, present with Sir Robert Sale at the siege of Jellalabad; and it was melancholy to reflect that in one battle we should have lost three such men as these.—(Hear, hear.) He would not refer to individuals of lower rank, because it might be invidious to make any apparent selection where all distinguished themselves so nobly; but, whatever be the rank, the house and the country would do justice to their valour and their devotion, by the thanks of the house being conveyed to every regiment and to every man, without any exception.—(Loud Cheering.) He hoped there would be a unanimous acquiescence in the vote.—(Loud cheers.) There was nothing in these resolutions to which any man, whatever opinions he may entertain in respect to the policy of India, can object to. He trusted, therefore, that laying aside political differences they would all cordially concur in bearing testimony to the brilliant services of those who had so nobly sustained the reputation of British troops, and in honouring the memory of the brave men who fell in their devotion to their country on this memorable field. Loud cheering from all parts of the house.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL had great pleasure in seconding the resolution, in which he entirely agreed, and trusted the house would pass them unanimously so that they might be a source of pride to the survivors, and some consolation to the afflicted relations of those who have fallen.

Mr. HUME would vote most cordially for the motion, but thought a due consideration should be given to the families of those who had fallen.

COMMERCIAL POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

House of Commons, Feb. 9

Previously to the debate, Sir ROBERT PEEL corrected a mistake which had occurred in his reply to a question last week. He had stated that so soon as the House should affirm any resolution on the subject of the new Tariff, and allow the resolution to be reported, the Government would immediately permit the reduction in the duties to take place, such being the general usage. Upon this Lord John Russell had asked if the Corn duties would be dealt with in the same way; and on the spur of the moment Sir Robert Peel stated that such would be the case; his impression being that the Treasury were in the practice of dealing with the Corn duties in the same way as with other duties. That impression he had found to be erroneous; the practice being to make the reduction in Corn duties take effect from the passing of the act. To this rule the Treasury would continue to adhere: but as it was of much importance that the decision of Parliament should be given as early as possible, it was the intention of the Government to give preference to the Corn Bill over all other parts of the general measure: it would be proceeded with before any other measure connected with the Tariff; and, provided it met the sanction of the House of Commons, it would at once be sent to the Lords. On the motion that the Speaker "do now leave the chair," in order that the House should go into Committee on the Customs and Corn Importation Acts,

Mr. PHILIP MILES moved, as an amendment, that the House "will upon this day six months resolve itself into the said Committee."

Sir WILLIAM HEATHCOTE seconded the amendment.

Lord J. RUSSELL supported the original motion; remarking that he was the first to rise on the Opposition side of the House. He admitted that the theoretical writers had thrown little light on the proper mode of effecting the transition to a different state; and he allowed that the transition could not be made without the risk at least of some suffering. He derived courage, however, from the success which has attended the dreaded transition from prohibition to protection made by Mr. Huskisson, and recently by Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Peel now proposes to go beyond the reduction of protective duties to their absolute removal. "I am of opinion, that if the right honourable gentleman had undertaken this task in 1842 in a different spirit, and had made a far greater reduction in the duties on corn than he then made, it would have been better for the agriculturists as a body, and better for the country in general; but as matters stand now, I am ready to say, seeing the contest that is going on—seeing the struggle that would go on if you attempted any intermediate step either of a sliding scale over a few shillings or a small fixed duty—I am prepared to say, as indeed I have already said in public, that I think the abolition of the duty is the most expedient course for a Government to propose to Parliament. Considering the plan of the right honourable gentleman as a great measure—as a measure that is to lay the foundation of a completely new principle with regard to our commercial legislation—that principle being neither to foster one trade nor the other, neither to attempt to promote agriculture nor manufactures, but to leave them 'to flourish or to fade' according to the energies and skill of the people of this country,—and believing that is the sound principle, I am prepared to give every support I can to the plan brought forward by the right honourable gentleman." With regard to the new system of Corn duties proposed by Sir Robert Peel for three years, everything tended to strengthen the opinion expressed by Lord John in December in favour of immediate change. The farmers exclaim—"If we are to have the system of free trade instead of protection, let us know at once what that system is to be." If there is any danger to the English farmer from competition, it can only be increased by the lapse of time; and the circumstances of the present year, with the failure of the crops abroad, render it to him peculiarly favourable for the change. "I think, the way in which the immediate prospect of the duty being reduced to 4s. has been encountered in the market,—for, I believe, the price of corn has generally rather risen than otherwise,—is a proof that there is no great danger at the present moment. If there be any danger to encounter, it is when, both on the continent of Europe and in the United States, preparations are made, the ground has been cultivated, and the seed has been sown, with a view to send in large supplies to the English market, and then at that very moment the duty is to cease. It is as if the right honourable gentleman were to furnish the farmer with a greatcoat provided he wore it only in the summer, and were to make it a condition that he should take it off when Christmas arrived. I will put it to the right honourable gentleman whether he will not reconsider that part of his plan. (Loud cheers.) But, as I have already said, I wish the plan of the right honourable gentleman to succeed; I

wish to see his measure with respect to corn successful in this and the other House of Parliament; and no vote of mine shall tend in the least to endanger a measure of such a character. If, therefore, when we come into Committee the right honourable gentleman tells me that he has considered the representations made from various parts of the country, but that upon the whole he considers the delay of three years and the duty to be imposed in the mean time an essential part of his plan, I for my part shall go out with the right honourable gentleman upon it." (Loud cheers.) Much need not be said with regard to other parts of the plan. Sugar might for the present be passed over. Duties on manufactures, of a protective kind, unless yielding a large amount of revenue, ought, in justice to the agriculturist, to be removed altogether: they ought to be shown that protection is abandoned as a principle vicious in itself and injurious to the country. Sir Robert Peel has proposed to give relief with respect to certain local burdens: those amendments of the law are upon their own ground just; but no compensation ought to be offered. Formerly Lord John had doubts whether the land did not sustain more than its due share of local burdens: but he found that whenever a proposal for inquiry was made, it was resisted; which made him suspect that a case could not be made out. If he had had to propose a scheme, it might have differed from Sir Robert Peel's: but there would not have been any more very material relief. Sir Robert had this alternative—either to devote the surplus in the exchequer to the equalization of burdens, or to remove those burdens by an increase of taxation. "Now, that increase of taxation, I think, would be a most inexpedient course. I believe it would expose the landed interest to very great unpopularity; I believe nothing they could gain in point of money would be equal to the odium which would attach to them, if it was to be said that the taxes of the country were to be increased in order to provide a compensation for the abolition of the Corn laws. For these reasons therefore, I say at once that I concur in the general scheme of the right honourable gentleman. I wish that the repeal had been immediate instead of deferred; but, in the present state of affairs, seeing the attachment that there is on the part of a large portion of the community to this protective system, I think the advantage so great of getting rid of that system as respects corn in three years, and of almost every other protection giving way immediately afterwards, unless it be really some case which will bear argument, that I am unwilling to disturb in any way the settlement of this question." Lord John noticed a remark by Mr. Lascelles, that the present measures would be more successfully carried by those now in power than by the Whigs. Plans of moderating duties are not properly Whig measures, nor are they exclusively Tory measures; and when such plans were proposed by the Whig Ministers in 1841, they were opposed by many who would have supported them but who were prevented by party ties. Mr. Lascelles was an honourable exception to that rule. But if Sir Robert Peel is more able to carry these plans, it will be by the aid of the Opposition. ("Hear, hear!" from Sir Robert Peel and some other members.) "If the right honourable gentleman has the glory of adopting plans of commercial freedom which will benefit his country, which will enable the poor man to get a better reward for his labour, which will increase the demand for all the productions of this country, and which, after these questions are settled, will, I hope, open the way to the moral improvement of the people of this country, hitherto prevented by their want of adequate means of comfort,—if the right honourable gentleman has the glory of carrying a measure fraught with such large and beneficial results, let ours be the solid satisfaction, that, out of office, we have associated together for the purpose of aiding and assisting the triumph of the Minister of the Crown." (Much cheering.)

House of Commons, Feb. 10.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM did not blame Lord Worsley for referring to his former opinions. "I admit that the past declarations of opinion made by a Member of this House, who either leads or aspires to lead a party, and declarations made by a first Minister of the Crown, if at variance with the course he now adopts, are subjects not unworthy of reference, and which call for explanation. The honourable Member for Northamptonshire made a direct appeal to the Government, and challenges us, if we had changed our opinions manfully to own it. I answer that challenge. I do frankly avow my change of opinion; and by that avowal I dispose of all the speeches—(Loud cheers from the Opposition, with counter-cheers from the Protection benches, rendered inaudible the rest of the sentence.) I act on the advice given by the honourable Member for Northamptonshire: I was prepared to make that avowal; it was my duty to make it, and I do make it. I only ask the House to have patience, and to indulge me while I point out both the reasons of the change and the grounds on which I submit that I stand in a position worthy of a Member of this House, and that I have been influenced by considerations which ought to be entertained by one occupying the position in which I am placed. Now, what are the tests by which a change of opinion on the part of a particular Member are to be tried. The first test, I think, ought to be this—does the change of opinion promote his personal interest? Perhaps, under the circumstances, I may be allowed for a moment to say that all I possess in the world belongs to me as a landlord; I have nothing to hope for or to look to except in the possession of landed property. I have inherited that property—a large tract of inferior soil; and I can confidently say of my private position as a landlord, that if this change be injurious to the landed interests, it will affect me as seriously as any landed proprietor in this House. (Cheers.) Now as to my position as a Minister of the Crown, allow me to ask you to apply this test—does my change of opinion as a Minister of the Crown tend to increase or strengthen the power of Government? Why, can there be a doubt, after the scene of the last two evenings in the course of the debate on this side of the House, that my right honourable friend, who before the commencement of the session, he being the chosen leader and possessing the confidence of a great party in this House, and also immense influence out of this House, so far from gaining strength to his party, has done that which it has been already said has dissipated his party, by the conduct which he has pursued from a sense of public duty? (Cheers.) I will try another test, and it shall be the last—has the Minister, by a change of opinion, acted unfairly towards his political adversaries, and availed himself of that change to exclude them from office? I think it is not expedient, at this time, to touch further upon that subject; but my right honourable friend, with my entire concurrence, frankly tendered to her Majesty the office which he held as the head of the Administration. I certainly concurred in that resignation; and I can truly and sincerely say, it was my earnest desire that this measure should have been brought forward by the noble Lord opposite, in whose hands I think it would have been more properly placed. I state that unfeignedly and frankly: I thought, after all that has occurred, it would have been better for the public, better for public men. (Loud cheers.) I am stating my sincere opinion—I think it would have been more for the public advantage, and for the credit of public men, if what has been proposed, as it has become our duty now to propose it, had been brought for-

ward by the noble Lord opposite: and I may say, and I am sure the noble Lord will bear testimony to the truth of what I am saying, that both in writing and verbally I assured the noble Lord, that if he, as a Minister, brought forward a measure such as was indicated in his letter to his constituents of London, I as a private Member of Parliament would have given to that measure my frank and cordial support." Having disposed of these personal matters, Sir James addressed himself to the more prominent general arguments. He declared that the measure was brought forward not because Ministers thought it expedient merely, but because they deemed it right and necessary. The great question to be decided was this—Is the maintenance of the existing Corn laws conducive to the interests of the greatest number of the community? Upon this point, Sir James Graham replied to Lord Worsley's extract with others from the speech delivered by Sir Robert Peel in 1839 and already quoted from by Lord Worsley himself. "I consider [said Sir Robert Peel] this statement, that the condition of the labourer has been rendered worse by the operation of the Corn law, a most important one; and I have no hesitation in saying, that, unless the existence of the Corn law can be shown to be consistent, not only with the prosperity of agriculture and the maintenance of the landlord's interest, but also with the maintenance of the general interests of the country, and especially with the improvement of the condition of the labouring class, the Corn law is practically at an end." That was the declaration of my right honourable friend, as early as the year 1839." Sir James next quoted a passage from a speech delivered by himself in June last year—"It is decidedly my opinion that the prosperity of agriculture must always depend on the prosperity of the other branches of the native industry of this country, and that the public prosperity is on the whole best promoted by giving a fair and uninterrupted current to the natural flow of national industry. I will go further, and say, that it is my opinion, that, by safe, gradual, and cautious measures, it is expedient to bring our laws with reference to the trade in corn into a nearer relation with the sound principles which regulate our commercial policy with respect to every other branch of industry." Unforeseen circumstances, however, have rendered a gradual and progressive diminution of duties impracticable. "First, with respect to the harvest of this country. It was a harvest, as was truly stated by my right honourable friend the Secretary of War, of a peculiar character. In point of quantity it was not a deficient harvest: in point of quality, I believe, in the experience of the oldest farmers, there never was so great a variety; and the effect of that has been to point out and to establish the great imperfection of the averages under the existing law. In no former years, I believe, has there been such a variety of quality in the corn brought to market; the price varying from 40s. for the worst, I believe, up to 70s. or 75s. for the best. An alteration was made in the law in 1842 in regard to the averages, which had a very decisive effect in one respect—it altogether prevented fraud. By extending the period and multiplying the towns in respect to the taking of the averages, fraud was prevented; but as relates to the interest of the consumer, this had a very adverse effect; for fraud, whenever it had been exerted, was always in favour of the consumer, and for the purpose of opening the ports; and, in my real opinion, the general defect of the measure of 1842, though it was not so intended, was that it rendered protection more stringent. This was demonstrated, I must say, by the operation of the scale regulating the duties in the course of last autumn. Prices were rising; the price of the quartern loaf in this metropolis was 9d., and approaching to the war price. When the quartern loaf had so risen, the duty indicated by the sliding scale was 14s. or 15s. per quarter. In point of fact, the sliding scale would neither slide nor move. And that was its condemnation." In addition to this imperfect working of the averages, there was the failure of the potato crop, involving at the least the loss of half the crop in Ireland. Sir James described the impression which this calamity produced in his mind. "I foresaw, and I am afraid rightly, that it would be indispensably necessary to give to the suffering community of Ireland aid from the public purse of this country to meet this great calamity. Already some advance of the public money has been asked for, and I am afraid that further advances may still be necessary. Then this great question presents itself—Can in fairness any Minister of the Crown propose to the people of Great Britain to take out of the taxes of Great Britain public money to aid in the sustenance of their fellow countrymen in Ireland, while artificially, by laws so designed, the price of the food of the people of Great Britain is enhanced? Other persons may be bold enough to make such a proposition; but I confess that no power on earth should have induced me to be responsible for such a proposal. I told my right honourable friend, that if such a course should be necessary, I strongly advised the suspension of the existing law ("Hear, hear" from the Protectionist benches)—and that suspension, I find, is now generally approved of on this side of the House. The humane, the generous feelings of the landlords of England, could not tolerate for a moment that distress such as that likely to visit Ireland should not be met. But to give this aid to the Irish people, and at the same time to enhance the price of the food of the great community who contribute towards the taxes of England, and who by their hard industry are only able to pay those taxes, living in some instances on potatoes—is a proposition which I never could have maintained as a Minister. But it has been intimated, that, under these circumstances, honourable Members generally on this side of the House would be glad to open the ports. Then arises the question—if you once suspend the present law, what is the proposition which, at the termination of that suspension, is to be made? I have told you that I am satisfied, that even when scarcity has arisen, when the price of the quartern loaf was high, and when high prices ought to have been counteracted by the self-operation of the scale, that scale does not operate. I have told you that I thought the present an unsatisfactory law; and, according to my opinion, I could not, after its suspension, have supported its reimposition. The question had been asked, "Have you seen any reason since 1842 for changing your opinion?" His answer was, that since 1842 those who were charged with the administration of affairs have had experience not to be mistaken. There was also the painful and lamentable experience of 1842 itself, a year of the greatest distress, and he might say of the greatest danger. He was certain from what he had since observed, that that turbulent disposition, that dangerous disposition, mainly arose from the want of adequate sustenance, combined with low wages. A gratifying contrast had been exhibited in the last two years. With abundant harvests there had been cheapness and full employment, with peace and diminished crime. Dangerous symptoms, however, began to appear in November last. "From a report which I have received from Mr. Saunders with respect to the West Riding of Yorkshire, I find that at that time there was not merely a rise in prices, but a strong apprehension of still higher prices in several parts of the West Riding, particularly in Bradford, and that several works were put on short time. In several of the cotton districts, also, I learn the mills were about to be put on short time. When, therefore, we look to the circumstances of the whole country in the months of

November and December, we had no option left, as the general guardians of the condition of the great body of the community, but to pursue the course which we have pursued." Much had been said about the danger of depending upon foreign nations for a supply of food. "But when we consider that the population of Great Britain in 1815 was 18,000,000, and that at the present moment it is 28,000,000, it seems to me that the time has arrived when it may well become a question, not whether Great Britain can alone supply the amount of food necessary for the population, but whether it will not be difficult at a moderate price to secure food for the whole of that population even with the aid of foreign countries. For myself, I have no apprehension of any great fall of prices from the abolition of the Corn-laws." Sir James appealed to the experience of all who heard him, whether a great change of opinion had not been discernable among the working classes on the subject of the Corn laws? Until lately, the opinion prevailed among operatives that low prices invariably led to low wages; but the experience of the last three years had not been thrown away upon them. As to subsidiary questions between them and their employers, he would tell Mr. Ferrand, that they would be easily settled. I can very well understand how those working men should overtax their industry, and even call on their wives and daughters to work, that they may obtain subsistence. Necessity might drive them to such resources. But if they can understand that by a change of your law they may be able, without working so long themselves, without requiring their wives or daughters to work as they do now, to live in greater comfort than they have ever known, I have not the smallest doubt that arrangements will be made between masters and men as to the period of labour; and so every ground or pretext for legislative interference will be taken away.

House of Commons, Feb. 12.

Lord MORPETH supported the motion at considerable length. Mr. Baring had just told the House that the greatest want experienced during the autumn was the want of a Ministry: that species of scarcity must have been specially felt by the agricultural party, which boasted of being backed by the voice of the country—of contesting successfully every vacant seat—almost every vacant seat; and still they seemed to be lamentably without leaders and without a head. Mr. Baring had spoken of a compromise: but the feeling of the country and of the House appeared to be that, the time for compromise had gone by. A compromise had been offered by the leaders of the Liberal party; but it was rejected by those who had hailed Mr. Baring, upon the present occasion, as an auxiliary. Lord Morpeth adverted to some of the arguments against the Ministerial scheme. It had been accused of meddling unnecessarily with agriculture: but it meddled as much with manufactures as it did with agriculture, at least as far as it could. As to the opinion entertained by manufacturers and traders in regard to the abandonment or modification of protective duties, his position as Member for the West Riding of Yorkshire enabled him to speak. "The abolition of protection with regard to manufactures is, like that upon corn, entire; but, unlike that on corn, it is immediate. The constituency by whose choice and approval I have been honoured represents, as is well known, a great variety both of manufacturing and agricultural pursuits. It comprises the largest woolen, the largest worsted, and the largest steel manufacturers in the empire; and it embraces, I believe, the largest linen manufacturers in England. It comprises, besides, very extensive iron and cotton manufacturers. Now, not one of those interests—all of them directly affected, some of them liable to injury from the withdrawal of protection—not one of those interests, during the interval of a fortnight which was specially exacted for the consideration of the measure by the friends of protection, nor even under the excitement of some rather vehement appeals, which were made in the principal cities of the district, nor when the representatives of these manufacturing interests were assembled in great numbers before the hustings at Wakefield,—not one of them uttered a single murmur, or a whisper, or a wish for the continuance of protection. 'Competition may come,' they said, 'but we are prepared to meet it; and,' as I was expressly told, 'all we wish for is a fair field and no favour.' Let me ask, then, why that interest which so often plumes itself on being the most important, the most noble, the most English in the country, does not take a leaf out of the book of these begrudged manufacturers, and consent to be no longer the only department of our national industry which scorns fair odds, and would strive to keep its own?" Lord Morpeth proceeded to contend, that wages and employment diminish in years of scarcity. It was obvious that in dear years the active demand of the working classes must be diminished: not only must they buy less, which would tell upon the landowner and the farmer, but they must also eat less, which would tell upon themselves. To the agricultural labourer the effect of high prices was disastrous: he actually spent 73 per cent of his earnings on food, and 27 per cent was all that remained to clothe and educate his children, and pay rent. Lord Morpeth put it to the House whether the increase of 2s 6d. a week upon the cost of flour did not strip the labourer of the command of other necessities and luxuries of life, and of the means of bettering his condition, and giving his children education? "I have sometimes thought that the whole logic of this question is so compendious in its form, and so self-evident in its bearings, that it has only to be stated, and that a simple syllogism might do the work of both; thus—there is not more than a sufficient quantity of food grown in this country for our present supply; (I think he will be a hardy man who denies that;) there is an addition, it is computed, of 1,000 children a day, or 365,000 a year, to our present population; I make bold to assert that there is not, year by year, an addition of 365,000 quarters of wheat to our native grown produce; then does it not result that it is most important to procure an additional supply from abroad, and that this ought to be obtained at the cheapest rate possible?" The Government had been told that it was wrong to apply a permanent remedy to a temporary evil: his reply was, that the evil and the mischief which had arisen might arise every year; and was the country to be continually mocked with this delusion of sliding scales that did not slide, and of restrictive laws, that, according to the course of the season, required to be constantly modified or repealed? It was no reproach to Sir Robert Peel that he had been influenced in his course by the state of the season. "I can see no disparagement of free trade—it is rather a confirmation of the truth and justice of the principles on which it rests—that it does follow the laws of nature, and bends to the rules that guide the seasons in their course. You might justly apply, without exaggeration, to free trade those striking lines that the poet applied to the Roman Emperor who was befriended in the battle-field by the tempest—

"Tibi mittat ab antris
Æolus iratas hymes; tibi militet æther,
Et conjurati veniant ad prælia venti."

It was no discouragement to free trade, but rather a confirmation of all that was just in it, that the stars in their courses did not set against it, but in its favour. The season, too, exercised a compensating influence: if in the west

countries of Europe the produce was affected so as to raise the price of corn, and while bread was dear in London, it would be compensated for by seasons of an opposite character in other portions of the world, perhaps on the North American continent. This topic Lord Morpeth illustrated by his own experience when travelling in the United States. Incidentally, he touched upon the social and political impressions which he had derived from his visit. "Much that I witnessed there, much that I heard there, and more that has reached me since, has certainly not tended to give me a very favourable impression of the orderly working, of the pacific and moderate tendency, of the scrupulous adherence to good faith, to be derived from a constitution of pure and unchecked democracy: and I did not return home with any increased repugnance—(Loud cheers from the Opposition benches)—I mean to say—(Laughter)—any diminished attachment to the aristocratical and monarchical element in our own constitution. But both then and since, there and here, I have felt the perfect conviction that we could not confront the example of general ease, comfort, and abundance, which pervades the whole bulk of the American people. Neither can we confront the master tendencies of the age, the country, and the world at large in which we live, if we do not consent to administer the working out of our aristocratic institutions in rather more of a democratic spirit." Wherefore Lord Morpeth counselled the aristocracy, not to oppose or stand aloof for the settlement of the great question at issue—"Let them not refuse to bear their part in a settlement which, if not adjusted with them, must be adjusted in spite of them. They may bear their part, and, if they will, a distinguished and prominent part. I believe they may continue to bear what has, for the most part, been a respected and honoured part in our system of national policy: but this system comprehends, besides themselves, the multiplied energies of trade and industry—the sober thinking and staid determination of the large middle class—the hard working industry and urgent privations of the immense working class—the powerful agency of a powerful and enlightened press, and all the busy stirring progress of an advancing age. Let them throw in their lot together; let them consider this and other kindred subjects as a great whole, and make it as much their pride as their safety to be the leaders and not the laggards in the onward march of the whole British people."

House of Commons, Feb. 16.

Sir ROBERT PEEL spoke at great length. Two matters had occupied the attention of the House; one, the manner in which a party should be conducted; the other, the measures by which the contingency of a great public calamity should be mitigated, and the principles by which the commercial policy of a great empire should for the future be governed. On the first point the greatest part of the debate had turned: he did not undervalue its importance; but surely it was subordinate to the second. On the party question he had little defence to make: he would admit at once that the measures he had brought forward were the very worst measures for party interests that could have been brought forward by him. He considered it unfortunate that the conduct of the measure, in so far as the Corn laws were concerned, should have fallen into his hands; but that which prevented its committal to other hands was the firm conviction under which Ministers laboured that a part of this empire was threatened with a great calamity. He had firmly believed, he still did firmly believe, that there is impending over the country, and that there will come at no remote period, a calamity that they would all deplore. When he was compelled to abandon the hope of averting the threatened danger and bringing the question to a settlement, he took the earliest opportunity he consistently could of tendering his resignation to the Queen. "I offered no opinion as to the choice of a successor. That is almost the only act which is the personal act of the Sovereign; it is for the Sovereign to determine in whom her confidence ought to be placed. It was my duty to ascertain, in consequence of the request of the Queen, whether those of my colleagues who had dissented from me were either themselves prepared to form a Government, or to advise her Majesty, if they themselves were not prepared, to submit to other hands the formation of a Government,—meaning by other hands, those who were favourable to the maintenance of the existing Corn law." Those who differed from Sir Robert in the views he entertained did not think it advisable to form a Government; and her Majesty determined to call upon Lord John Russell to undertake the task. "My firm belief was, that the noble Lord would have been enabled to undertake that duty: my firm persuasion was—the noble Lord will excuse me for saying so—my firm persuasion was, that he would have succeeded if he had undertaken it. I must say, the noble Lord did disappoint me when he did not at once undertake the formation of a Government on the principle of adjusting this question. I knew all the difficulties with which any man would have to contend who undertook the conduct of the Government. I knew there must be a great dislocation of parties. I thought it unfair and dishonourable, under the impression that the noble Lord would be the Minister, not to take those steps which I thought would diminish his embarrassments." In the former explanations of the Ministerial changes, Lord John Russell had read one letter, and stated that there were other letters of which he had no copies: since one of these letters had been referred to as of primary importance, Sir Robert felt it his duty to read that also. On the 8th December, two days after his resignation of office, and after hearing that Lord John Russell was to be his successor, he wrote, in his private capacity, the following communication to the Queen—

"Whitehall, 8th December, 1845.

"Sir Robert Peel presents his humble duty to your Majesty; and, influenced by no other motive than the desire to contribute if possible to the relief of your Majesty from embarrassment, and to the protection of the public interests from injury, is induced to make to your Majesty this confidential communication, explanatory of Sir Robert Peel's position and intentions with regard to the great question which is now agitating the public mind.

"Your Majesty can, if you think fit, make this communication known to the Minister who, as successor to Sir Robert Peel, may be honoured by your Majesty's confidence.

"On the 1st of November last, Sir Robert Peel advised his colleagues, on account of the alarming accounts from Ireland, and many districts in this country, as to the failure of the potato crop from disease, and for the purpose of guarding against contingencies which in his opinion were not improbable, humbly to recommend to your Majesty that the duties on the import of foreign grain should be suspended for a limited period, either by order in Council or by legislative enactment; Parliament in either case being summoned without delay.

"Sir Robert Peel foresaw that this suspension, fully justified by the tenor of the report to which he has referred, would compel, during the interval of suspension the reconsideration of the Corn laws.

"If the opinions of his colleagues had then been in concurrence with his own, he was fully prepared to take the responsibility of suspension; and of the necessary consequence of suspension—a comprehensive review of the laws im-

posing restrictions on the import of foreign grain and other articles of food, with a view to their gradual diminution and ultimate removal.

"He was disposed to recommend that any new laws to be enacted should contain within themselves the principle of gradual and ultimate removal.

"Sir Robert Peel is prepared to support, in a private capacity, measures which may be in general conformity with those which he advised as a Minister.

"It would be unbecoming, in Sir Robert Peel to make any reference to the details of such measures.

"Your Majesty has been good enough to inform Sir Robert Peel, that it is your intention to propose Lord John Russell to undertake the formation of a Government.

"The principle on which Sir Robert Peel was prepared to recommend the reconsideration of the laws affecting the import of the main articles of food was in general accordance with that referred to in the concluding paragraph of Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of the city of London.

"Sir Robert Peel wished to accompany the removal of restriction on the admission of such articles with relief to the land from such charges as are unduly onerous, and with such other provisions as, in the terms of Lord John Russell's letter, 'caution and even scrupulous forbearance may suggest.'

"Sir Robert Peel will support measures founded on that general principle, and will exercise any influence he may possess to promote their success."

Anticipating a difficulty might be felt by Lord John Russell on being called upon to undertake office when an increased expenditure would be required, thus exposing his financial position to an unfavourable contrast with that of his predecessor, Sir Robert added the following assurance—

"Sir Robert Peel feels it to be his duty to add, that, should your Majesty's future advisers, after consideration of the heavy demands made upon the Army of the country for Colonial service, of our relations with the United States, and of the bearing which steam-navigation may have upon maritime warfare and the defence of the country, deem it advisable to propose an addition to the Army and increased Naval and Military Estimates, Sir Robert Peel will support the proposal; will do all that he can to prevent it from being considered as indicative of hostile or altered feelings towards France; and will assume for the increase in question any degree of responsibility, present or prospective, which can fairly attach to him."

"Now," continued Sir Robert, "when it is charged on me that I am robbing others of the credit which is justly due to them, I hope that the explanation which I have now given, of the course I pursued when I was acting under the firmest persuasion that the adjustment of this question would be committed to others, may tend to prove that I was not desirous of robbing others of the credit of settling this question, or of trying to embarrass their course." (Much cheering.) Other communications had passed during the Ministerial negotiations; and it was proposed to put him in possession of certain details as to the mode intended by Lord John Russell to arrange the question; but Sir Robert thought it better that he should not be made acquainted with such particulars. "I thought that my knowledge of them, or any appearance of concert between the noble Lord and myself, would have the tendency rather to prejudice than promote the adjustment of this question. I therefore declined to receive the communication of those details; but I think that the noble Lord must have been satisfied, that though I declined to concert the measures with him, yet it was my intention to give to the noble Lord in the adjustment of this question, according to his views of public policy, that same cordial support which it is his boast he now intends to give me. I believe that must have been the impression of the noble Lord—" (Hear, hear!) from Lord John Russell—(because, after communications with me, the noble Lord undertook the formation of a Government; and I am sure that the noble Lord will admit that no act of mine caused the failure of the noble Lord's attempt, and that I was in no way concerned in the reasons which induced the noble Lord finally to abandon the attempt. So much, therefore, for the course which I have pursued with respect to those who had been hitherto opposed to me. I never made any inquiry as to who should constitute the new Government; I had no personal objections of any kind. My belief was that this question ought to be adjusted. I was prepared to facilitate its adjustment by my vote, and by the exercise of whatever influence I could command."

As to the party who had so long given him their support, it was natural that they should withdraw their confidence, acting as he had done at variance with the established principles on which party is usually conducted. But he would ask them, was it probable he would have sacrificed their favourable opinion and support, unless influenced by the highest considerations of public duty? He ought to know the motives of his party, and he believed there never existed a party influenced by more honourable and disinterested feelings. This testimony was due to them. But for himself he must say, let the consequences be what they may, they could not rob him of the conviction that the advice which he had given was consistent with all the due obligations which party could impose. "I know what would have conciliated temporary confidence. It would have been to understate the danger in Ireland—to invite an united combination for the maintenance of the existing law—to talk about hoisting the flag of Protection for native industry—[Cheers and Laughter]—to insist that agricultural protection should be maintained in all its integrity. By such a course I should have been sure to conciliate temporary confidence; but the month of May would not arrive without demonstrating that I had thereby abandoned my duty to my country, to my Sovereign, and even to party.—[Loud cheers.]—I had and have the firm persuasion, that in the present temper of the public mind, the state of public feeling and of public opinion with respect to the Corn laws, independently of all adventitious circumstances, makes the defence of those Corn laws difficult enough. Yet I have the firmest persuasion, that if that calamity which I foresee in Ireland should arrive, and if the battle had to be fought for maintaining untouched the present Corn-law, and for permitting a state of law to exist whereby a duty of 17s. attaches to the import of foreign wheat, such a degree of odium would have attached to the landed interest, if that battle had been fought, as would have done them the greatest injury." What were the facts which came under the cognizance of the Secretary of State for the Home Department? Why, that in one part of the empire four millions of the Queen's subjects were dependent on a certain article of food for subsistence, and that disease had seized that article. The Government saw, at the distance of three or four months, the gaunt forms of famine and disease following in the train of famine. "I will refer to some documents, if the subject is not distasteful, as it seemed to be when I last mentioned it; for you appeared to dislike a reference to letters, and turned away from communications. But it is absolutely necessary, before you come to a final decision on this question, that you should understand this Irish case. [Cheers.] You must do so. [Renewed cheers.] I cannot conciliate your confidence by any expression of regret for the course I have taken. So far from it, I declare in the face of

this House, that that day in my public life which I look back on with the greatest satisfaction and pride is that 1st of November last, when I was ready to take the responsibility of issuing an order in Council to open the ports, trusting to you for an approval of that step. [Loud cheers.] I wished then, that by the first packet which sailed after the 1st of November the news might have gone forth that the ports were open. The primary object of such a measure, of course, would have been to increase the supply of food, and to take precautions against famine, although other collateral advantages might have flowed from it. I think that the best step then to have taken would have been to open the ports; and, supposing that our anticipations had proved incorrect—supposing that we had formed a false estimate of this danger—I believe that the generosity of Parliament would have protected us from harm." [Cries of "Hear, hear!" from the Protection benches.]

Sir Robert read letters which had been received by the last two mails from Ireland, not from official authorities, but from men from whose statements there could not be the slightest pretence of withholding confidence. The first letter was addressed to himself by Sir David Roche, formerly Member for Limerick, dated Carass, near Limerick, February 11th. Sir David Roche stated, that at one time he was disposed to think that the part of the potato crop which appeared sound before Christmas would have continued so; but he had found he was in error—the greater part was now obliged to be given to pigs and cattle, to save the owners from total loss. Sir David added—"No doubt, for six or seven weeks, while the remains of the potatoes last, destitution will not be general; but I pray you, Sir, look to it in time." The next letter contained the result of a very minute investigation made by Mr. W. W. Hemsworth, Sub-Inspector of Police, stationed at Stradbally, Queen's county, into the condition of one hundred and ninety families living in that neighbourhood. In his inquiries the officer was accompanied by the Reverend Mr. Emerson, the minister of the parish. The result is thus stated—"Many families whom we visited, and who had planted sufficient for their ordinary wants, including the seed necessary for the ensuing season, have not had a potato of any kind for the last two months." ["Observe," exclaimed Sir Robert Peel, "this is in the month of February—five months at least before there can be any supply from the natural bounty of Providence."] "Others have lost nearly all; and the few that still remain are totally unfit for human food. In every instance where we saw potatoes in pits in the fields, we had them examined; and with scarcely an exception, we found them to be a mass of putrefaction, perfectly disgusting even to look at." The third letter was from Lord Stuart de Decies, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Waterford. Among other particulars it mentioned this—"That in two districts alone of the union in question there are, even at this early period of the year, no less than three hundred persons whose stores of provisions are upon the point of becoming exhausted." Lord Stuart suggested, "that much good might be effected in keeping down prices by the establishment of Government corn stores from which grain might be purchased at first cost price." The fourth letter was from Mr. Thomas Dillon, of Cahirciveen, a resident Magistrate: it stated, that having gone round his district within the last ten days, he had opportunities not only of hearing but of witnessing the destruction which had been committed, and which was gaining ground rapidly. Mr. Dillon added, that he almost felt confounded at the difficulty that must exist in procuring a sufficiency of good seed for the ensuing crop. Sir Robert next quoted an official return from the highest authority, embracing particulars from every electoral district with the exception of ninety nine. The facts were—that "in four electoral divisions the loss of potatoes has been nearly nine-tenths of the whole crop; in ninety-three, between seven tenths and eight-tenths; in one hundred and twenty-five, the loss approaches to seven-tenths of the whole crop; in sixteen, it approaches to six tenths; in five hundred and ninety-six, nearly one half of the crop is entirely destroyed; and in five hundred and eighty-two divisions, nearly four-tenths of the crop are entirely destroyed." Government had acted upon the suggestions made to them: stores of corn should be established to be disposed of at low prices, or given in return for labour.

A Member—"It will be wanted for seed."

SIR ROBERT PEELE—"Yes. To get seed from foreign countries for the ensuing year is next to impossible. An eighth of the whole crop is required for seed; each acre of potatoes requires nearly a ton—three-fourths of a ton, at least, for seed: take the tonnage which it would require to bring in 10,000 tons of potatoes from any part of Europe where potatoes may still abound; it is almost impossible to supply the deficiency. You must look for seed to the accumulation by making savings from the existing crop. It may be necessary for you to form that saving. When the pressure of famine is severe, the immediate want will be supplied—the danger of next year will be forgotten. The Government must interfere, for the purpose of encouraging the saving in sufficient quantities, in order to secure a supply of seed for next year. How are we to do this? Why, by the substitution, I suppose, of some other articles of provision, to be given under wise regulations for the purpose of preventing waste and of getting these seed potatoes in exchange; I ask you, then, if in May next we had to come down here proposing large votes of public money; and if we were encouraging the clergy of the Established Church, and the clergy of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and telling them, 'Individual charity in your localities must supply more than the Government can supply; you must give corn in exchange for these potatoes, or for the sustenance of human life,'—could I have stood here, proposing votes of 200,000l or 300,000l., and encouraging the charity of those who had little to dispense in charity, and would it have been tolerated, that at the same moment we should have been retaining a duty of 17s. on the introduction of corn? Suppose famine should ensue: do you believe that it would be for the credit and honour of the landed aristocracy of this country to say, 'We throw upon the Government the responsibility of taking security, but not one letter of the existing Corn law shall be abandoned?' Would that be fidelity to the landed interest? No: I believe that whatever might have been the seeming consistency, that proposal would have been the real 'treachery' which you impute to me, because I have thought it for your interest, and the interests of all, to relieve ourselves from the odium of stipulating for these restrictions in such a moment of pressure." (Repeated cheers.) Parliament would have taunted him with the example of Holland and Belgium, where, though the pressure was less severe, measures of precaution have been adopted. Under similar circumstances to the present what had been the course taken by English Parliaments deeply interested in the welfare of agriculture? There have been times before when there has been the apprehension of scarcity in this country: what has been the remedy that the heart of every man suggested? What has been the remedy that the legislative wisdom took? Why, in every case, without exception, the removal for a time of the duties upon corn. (Cheers and counter-cheers.) [A member—"What at the end of the time?"] I will come to that immediately. I rejoice in the cheer which I met from that quarter—(Looking to the

Protection benches)—what is it but an assent, apparently an unanimous assent—"No!"—at any rate, a very general assent, that at a period of impending famine, the proper precaution to be taken is to encourage the free importation of food. I have a right to infer, that if that had been the proposal, namely, that existing duties upon corn and other articles of provision should be suspended, that proposal would have met with general assent. (Cheers.) Then, if that be so, I ask you to expedite the passing of this bill—(Laughter and cheers)—or to move as an amendment, that the duties upon all articles of provision shall forthwith be suspended." (Renewed cheers.) The opponents of the Government plans seemed to say that they would consent to a suspension of the law till next harvest; and he was glad of the admission thereby implied, that it would not be wise to stipulate for the present that no rice, or oats, or maize should be admitted, and that the duty on wheat should be maintained at 17s. Sir Robert Peel quoted some of the instances in which the ports had been opened—in 1756, 1767, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1796, 1799. Had the ports been opened in November last, the supplies might have been more ample; but there was still the command of six months. Parliament must now make its choice. It must either maintain the existing law, or make some proposal for facilitating the introduction of foreign food. Then came the further question. "After the suspension of the existing law, and the admission of foreign importation for a period of eight months, what do you propose to do with the existing Corn laws? That is, of course, the question which any man would have to consider who advised the suspension of the Corn laws. Well, my conviction is so strong that it would be utterly impossible, after establishing perfect freedom of trade for a period of eight months, to permit the existing Corn law to come into operation at the end of it—my conviction is so strong that it would be impracticable and impolitic, that I could not entertain such an idea." It might be said, "Give us suspension now, and at the end of that suspension we will have the Corn laws as they are now;" but any such notion was founded on a total misapprehension of public opinion. What! would they revive the existing Corn law in all its provisions? Would they, for instance, refuse the admission of maize? "It was proposed last session to admit maize free of duty. The price of barley was falling, the duty on barley was increasing; and, without the slightest natural connexion between maize and barley, the duty on maize was increasing also. Then, might not the law be altered in that respect? Yes. But remember this, that in the course of last session notice was given that maize should be imported duty-free, because it was desirable to have maize for food for cattle. Do you think it possible in devising a new Corn law, to devise one, the leading principle of which should be this—that maize should come in duty-free, because the admission of that article would be for the benefit of the farmer, as he might feed his cattle and pigs with it; but that there are certain other articles used for consumption by human beings, and in respect to them the law shall be maintained in all its force? Do you advise us now to fight that battle? Do you not feel that that very fact of suspension would constitute a new element in the consideration of things, and would give a tenfold stimulus to the agitation that previously existed? Do you invite us to fight that battle now? What would be the state of feeling upon the subject? Do you invite us to suspend the law with a guarantee of its revival?" In reference to the changes of opinion which had been avowed by Members of the House, and as to which an attempt had been made to attach suspicion, Sir Robert asked if some of the most honourable men that ever sat on the Ministerial benches had not given conclusive proofs of sincerity. Did Lord Ashley, Mr. Stuart, Mr. W. Patten, Mr. Egerton, Lord Henniker, Mr. Charteris, or Mr. Dawnay, vacate their seats from interested or corrupt motives? Passing from these considerations, Sir Robert invited attention to the course which the debate had taken, and to the admissions and expressions of opinion of those who had been loudest in their condemnation of the Government. The first he would notice was the Member for Huntingdon, Mr. Thomas Baring. "The honourable Member thinks it is just the time for making a compromise on the subject—for a new corn law! Why, if ever there was an unfortunate moment for a compromise, it is the present. What is the meaning of a compromise? Is it a new corn law? Well, what is the security for the maintenance of that?" (Ironical cheers from the Protection benches.) The Member for Roxburghshire (Mr. Francis Scott) was the loudest advocate for protection, and had a curious notion of the relation between a country and its Minister. Mr. Scott had likened Sir Robert Peel to a hired advocate, and said that he had thrown up his brief: perhaps Mr. Scott was not aware that a minister of state took an oath to unreservedly and freely deliver his opinion in council, according to his heart and conscience. Sir Robert apprehended that an obligation of that kind constituted a material difference between the position of a minister of state and the office of a retained counsel. But Mr. Scott, when insisting that he was bound by every consideration of consistency and honour to maintain the corn laws of 1842, had admitted that within the last three years, in his own country, there had been such improvements in roads, such introduction of science into agriculture, such facilities for introducing cheap corn, that in his opinion the time was come when the present corn laws must be altered. "And when I asked the honourable gentleman, 'Whom are you counsel for?'—meaning, that if any obligation was imposed on me to maintain the corn law of 1842, I could not quite understand why the honourable gentleman could so readily abandon it,—the honourable gentleman was perfectly indignant at being supposed to be a counsel. Claiming the functions of Ana charis Cloots, who said he was attorney-general for the human race, the honourable gentleman said, 'I counsel!—that is an imputation on my honour: I am counsel for the agriculturist—I am counsel for the commercial interests—I am counsel for the whole country—I am counsel for the interests of humanity.'" (Much laughter.) Sir Robert did not himself aim after functions so comprehensive. The next was the Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme (Mr. Colquhoun); and he told Sir Robert that hereafter and for ever he withdrew his confidence from him. But if ever there was a man who had less reason than another to censure a Minister for not establishing "a great principle," it was Mr. Colquhoun himself. "Why, he has voted with the honourable Member for Wolverhampton; and he has voted against him. (Great laughter.) He is an advocate for a fixed duty; but he has done all he could to maintain a sliding scale. I do not know whether the honourable gentleman has shared in my misfortune and read the pamphlet of John Campbell Colquhoun, Esquire, of Killermont. (Loud and continued laughter.) I must say that that pamphlet, as far as I can understand it, advocates repeal of the corn laws. (A laugh.) If, then, the honourable gentleman has voted with the honourable Member for Wolverhampton, and has voted against him—if he is a determined supporter of a fixed duty, and yet ever since 1842 has done all in his power to maintain the sliding scale; and if my construction of his pamphlet be correct, and he is an advocate of repeal,—I wonder how I should have fared with him if I had laid down 'a great principle'! (Laughter.) I wonder what the honourable gentleman would have said, if, after having carried suspension, I should have

subsequently declared that at the end of that suspension the Government would stake its existence on the revival of the existing Corn law. I venture to say, there would not have been a more strenuous opponent of such a course than the honourable gentleman: at least, I venture to say, there never was a gentleman so clamorous for the announcement of a principle who pursued a course which left him so completely at single anchor to vote for any proposal that might be made." (Laughter.) The letter of Lord John Manners was next adverted to; Sir Robert inquiring if it could have been possible for the Government to rely on Lord John Manners's support had they resolved to advise a renewal of the Corn law, upon suspension? "He says he is decidedly in favour of a repeal of the Corn laws, but that he thinks the present Parliament ought not to enact, nor the present Minister to propose, such a measure. Well but that personal objection is no satisfactory answer to the country: the question for the country is, is the measure right or wrong? Surely, no Member can justify himself in voting against a measure which he believes to be right, and which concerns such mighty interests." And now as to Mr. William Miles, the Member for Somersetshire: that gentleman had declared for the maintenance of the existing law in its integrity, and given Sir Robert notice that henceforth he must not expect the renewal of his confidence. But Sir Robert implored that gentleman and others, although they might visit these penal consequences on Ministers, to pass the measure submitted to them if they thought it advisable at the present crisis. In stating that he had hitherto been a supporter of the Government, Mr. Miles was in a mistake. On the great question of "grease"—[Roars of Laughter]—he was a determined opponent, under an apprehension that grease might be used by some people as a substitute for butter. "Now, I must say, that I think the Hon. Gentleman, in taking his stand upon grease, did much more injury than benefit to the cause of protection." A few more of Mr. Miles's arguments he was anxious to notice. As to flax, was its cultivation abandoned in consequence of the withdrawal of the duty? and at what period did it take place?

Mr. WILLIAM MILES—"After the last removal of the duty on flax."

Sir ROBERT PEELE—"Now the last reduction of duty was only 5d. per hundredweight. (Laughter.) The duty on foreign flax was removed in 1842; at that time it was £10 a ton; a reduction was then effected to the nominal duty of 5d. a hundredweight; and in 1842 the duty was altogether abandoned. Was it the removal of this duty of 5d. a hundredweight that involved the parishes of Aldcock and Chisselborough in ruin?" In Ireland no culture is more profitable than that of flax, which is unprotected; and it is obvious that the decay of Aldcock and Chisselborough had arisen from other causes than the withdrawal of the protective duty. The debate had chiefly turned on the Corn laws, but it was not necessarily a Corn-law debate. The proposal was, that the House should go into Committee to consider the principles of our commercial policy. "Now, as I stated before, it is the intention of her Majesty's Government to adhere to their proposal: I have stated the reason why they will do it: they are inclined to prefer it, considering especially the opportunity that three years affords for improvement in drainage. But at the same time, I also distinctly make this statement, that if the agricultural body are of opinion that it will be for their advantage—if they think that immediate repeal will be preferable to the deferred repeal which is the proposal of the Government—"Hear!" from the Opposition benches)—if, by a union with the honourable gentleman opposite, they should place me in a minority—then the only consideration which I shall bear in mind will be, what course can I best take to give effect to the law so amended at your instance? (Loud cheers from the Opposition benches.) I will do all I can to carry the proposition of the Government—I prefer it—I proposed it, believing it to be favourable to the agricultural interest. I do not say what course, speaking for myself, I might pursue. I don't say what effect success here might produce in another place, for which I have less means of answering than I have here: but this I will say, that my opinion as to the policy of a final adjustment of the Corn laws will remain unaltered; and I shall decidedly prefer immediate repeal, even though carried against me, to throwing the country into confusion by the rejection of this measure. (Loud cheers.) Observe, I say it will be quite for myself to consider what course of personal conduct will be most conducive to the result I should have in view; but this I do believe, that the final adjustment of this question is now a consideration paramount to all others."—(Cheers.)

As to the probable price of Corn under the new measure, he could not pass an opinion; but he thought that nothing was more erroneous than to suppose that the interests of agriculture were naturally and immediately interwoven with the price of wheat. In demonstrating the truth of this, Sir Robert adverted particularly to the fact that it is impossible to draw a just inference from the nominal price of wheat without at the same time taking the quality into account. He showed by reference to returns beginning in 1795, that the price of wheat had shown a tendency to decline. "A very remarkable series of facts also presents itself in the amount of the rental of land as compared with the price of wheat. The gross rental of land in 1815, as taken from the Property-tax return, was £32,502,000. The price of wheat for five years ending in 1815, was 102s. 5d. For the five years ending with 1842, the price of wheat was 64s. 7d.; while the gross rental of land in England had increased to £37,749,000. Thus, coincident with a fall in the price of corn, there was an increase in the rental of land." Sir Robert next commented largely on the speech of Mr. Stafford O'Brien; complimenting its ability. But what did the argument amount to? Just this, that after the law was passed, the tenant-farmer would come to his landlord and say that he could not afford to pay the same high rent; that the bones of his forefathers lay in the churchyard, and it was most painful for him to quit the residence of his ancestors and seek his fortune in another country. To this speech the landlord was to reply in terms of cold political economy. [Sir Robert Peel created much amusement by imitating Mr. O'Brien's manner in dramatizing the imaginary dialogue; which he afterwards transposed, making the landlord offer aid to the farmer in the shape of capital saved by favour of the tariff and patronage of agricultural education.] The Speech from the Throne contained a recommendation to review the existing duties, and ascertain whether such further reductions could not be made as would tend to insure a continuance of the advantages derived from the previous reductions. The answer made by the Commons did not convey a pledge as to the measure, but it conveyed an assurance that the recommendation should be considered. And how was that assurance to be fulfilled? Would they refuse to go into Committee? "Will you stand still?—for six months to come, will you do nothing? I say, in this country, to stand still is to retrograde." Sir Robert explained a misconception, and offered a challenge. "I never said that it was on the experience of the tariff for three years I had come to a change of opinion. I said this—that during three years I have seen coincident with abundance and low prices great prosperity; I have seen great contentment; I have seen the diminution of crime; I have seen

the abatement of all social disorders; I have seen good health; I have seen increased commerce; and that experience of three years has convinced me that cheapness and plenty are at the foundation of your prosperity.—[Cheers.] This is the challenge I offer, not connected with the tariff of the last three years alone, but with respect to the whole series of your relaxations of prohibitory duties—show me one relaxation, one removal of prohibition, which has not contributed to the advantage of the great body of the consumers of this country." He had indeed been ashamed to read some of the petitions presented on the subject of this protection. One was from shipowners, praying that the House might check all further rash experiments on British navigation, and reject the proposition for reducing the duty on foreign timber from 25s to 15s. Now, Sir Robert asked, "what has been the issue of the rash experiment you made in 1842? You found then a discriminating duty of 45s., which you reduced to 25s. Have you destroyed the Canada trade? At the port of Liverpool the average tonnage in the British North American trade for eleven years preceding the reduction of the duty was 153,000 tons; and since you removed the duty on Canadian timber, the average has been 194,000 tons of shipping employed at Liverpool in the Canada trade. On the average of seven years before the reduction of duty, 5,749,000 loads of pines were imported: in 1844, the quantity brought from Canada amounted to 6,211,000 loads; and in 1845, to 6,470,000 loads. Yet the shipowners call on you to refuse a reduction of the duty on timber, as they called on you to refuse a reduction formerly from 45s. to 25s. But you have a deficiency in that particular article which will build ships that shall endure for twelve years: and these were the circumstances under which you have the modest proposal made to leave the discriminating duty at its present amount of 25s., instead of reducing it to 15s.; and that is what the shipowners of all things ask as essential to their interests!" Following up this subject, Sir Robert referred to the alarms excited in previous times by proposals to reduce import-duties, and to the gratifying results which had followed. When Mr. Huskisson proposed an alteration of the silk-duties, Lord Ashburton (then Mr. Baring) resisted the measure, asserting that the effect would be to ruin the silk-weavers and drive them to the poor-rates for subsistence. And what had been the result? the consumption, which for the ten years ending in 1823 was 1,940,902 pounds, is now for the single year 1844, 6,208,021 pounds. Similar fears were expressed in 1842 in reference to the trade in feathers. One extensive merchant told Sir Robert that the effect would be to annihilate the Irish and English feather trade: but that person had written to him in the course of the present year, telling him that his fears had proved unfounded—that his trade was more prosperous than before; and mentioning that his great demand had been from Cornwall, thus showing that the Cornish miners had been prosperous in consequence of plenty and abundance, and had been able to expend a part of their earnings in feather goods.

In conclusion, Sir Robert remarked, that the vote to be given did not involve a question of confidence in the Government, but the decision as to whether the House were willing to advance upon the path on which they had been proceeding, or whether they would retrograde. He entreated them to look at their physical advantages; at those nerves and sinews of their manufactures, the stores of iron and coal which abound in their territory. Let them look also at their acquired advantages. Why, England has ten times the capital of any nation in the world! He asked them to bear in mind that many countries are watching their decision. Sardinia had set the example of a liberal tariff; Naples would shortly follow; he could tell them that Prussia was already shaken; and France was desirous to follow the example which England is setting. Alluding to periods of great distress in this country, arising from bad harvests and depression in trade, Sir Robert remarked—"Will it not be a great and lasting consolation to us to be enabled to say to a suffering people, 'There are the chastisements of an All-wise and Beneficent Providence, sent for some great and humane purpose—to abate our pride probably, to convince us of our nothingness, or to awaken in us a sense of our dependence upon God: they are to be borne without murmuring; and we shall then be able to think that the dispensations of Providence have not been aggravated by human institutions preventing to the people the supply of food.'" [Sir Robert, after nearly three hours' speaking, resumed his seat amidst long-continued cheers, especially from the Opposition.]

About two o'clock the debate was adjourned.

Mr. BRIGHT said Sir Robert Peel had been called a traitor. It would ill become him to defend the right honourable Baronet, after the speech which he delivered last night—(Loud cheers)—a speech which, he would venture to say, was more powerful and more admirable than any speech ever delivered in that House within the memory of any man in it. (Continued cheers.) He watched the right honourable Baronet last night go out of the House, and he must say—it was the first time he did it—he envied him the feelings which must have animated his breast. That speech was wafted on the wings of scores of thousands of newspapers to every part of the kingdom and of the world; and it would be carried to the abodes of the labourers, conveying to them joy and hope. This was the man whom the Protectionists had chosen to be their leader. They placed him in office: but they should remember that a man in office was not the same man as he was in opposition; they ought to consider the responsibilities of office. "There is not a man among you who would have the valour to take office and raise the standard of Protection, and cry 'Down with the Anti-Corn-law League, and protection for ever!' There is not a man in your ranks who would dare to sit on that bench as the Prime Minister of England pledged to maintain the existing law. (Loud cheers from the Free-traders.) The right honourable Baronet took the only honest course—he resigned. He told you by that act, I will no longer do your work. I will not defend your cause. The experience I have had since I came into office renders it impossible for me at once to maintain office and the Corn-laws. The right honourable Baronet resigned—he was then no longer your Minister. He came back to office as the Minister of his Sovereign and of the People—not the Minister of a class who first raised him into office for their own special and private purposes. Why, the right honourable Baronet did not use you badly: he offered no obstacle to your taking office." (Loud cries of "Hear, hear!" in which the voice of Sir Robert Peel was conspicuous.)

A programme of a new Tory Ministry had just appeared in the *Times*, and it would be worth while to look at some of the members. There was the Member for Norfolk, who attempted to oppose Mr. Cobden at Norwich, and who thought fit to move a string of resolutions which he said embodied the opinions of Henry Clay, "the President of the United States": if Mr. Wodehouse was not better read in history than his speeches had exhibited him to be, not much general knowledge could be expected to reside in the new Tory cabinet. Then came the Duke of Richmond; and what did he

say? Why, that Mr. Cobden had made 30,000*l.* profit in a week, and yet that one agricultural tenant alone paid a larger sum to the poor rate than any one man who held a mill. Regard that man as a Minister! Look at what he said last night: did he not say the agriculturists should send agitators to the North to tell the working classes that cotton would burn as well as stacks! Why, the country would not allow a ministry of this character for a month nor a week.

Mr. Bright characterized the Ministerial measure as one of greatness, reflecting much credit on the Government. Great measures, however, like great pictures, had their defects; and the defect of the present measure was, that it did not altogether abolish the Corn-laws. He thought the farmers themselves would feel more satisfied with the change were all restrictions removed from corn at once.

House of Commons, Feb. 28.

The grand debate has been carried on, but with little variation in the staple of the arguments. The house divided at a quarter past three o'clock, on Mr. Miles's amendment—For the amendment, 240; against it, 337; majority against the Protectionist amendment, 97. The main question was then agreed to. The House went into Committee *pro forma*, but at once adjourned; the Committee to sit again on Monday.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate of the United States:

In answer to the enquiry of the Senate, contained in their resolution of the 17th instant, whether, in my judgment, any circumstances connected with or growing out of, the foreign relations of the country, require at this time an increase of our naval or military force; and, if so, "what those circumstances are," I have to express the opinion that a wise precaution demands such increase.

In my annual message of the 2d of December last, I recommended to the favourable consideration of Congress an increase of our naval force, especially of our steam navy, and the raising of an adequate military force to guard and protect such of our citizens as might think proper to emigrate to Oregon. Since that period I have seen no cause to recall or modify these recommendations. On the contrary, reasons exist, which, in my judgment, render it proper not only that they should be promptly carried into effect, but that additional provisions should be made for the public defence.

The consideration of such additional provision was brought before appropriate committees of the two houses of Congress, in answer to calls made by them, in reports prepared with my sanction, by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, on the 29th of December and the 8th of January last; a mode of communication with Congress not unusual, and, under existing circumstances believed to be the most eligible. Subsequent events have confirmed me in the opinion that these recommendations were proper as precautionary measures.

It was a wise maxim of the Father of his country, that "to be prepared for war is one of the most efficient means for preserving peace;" and that, "avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace," we should "remember, also, that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it." The general obligation to perform this duty is greatly strengthened by facts known to the whole world. A controversy respecting the Oregon territory now exists between the United States and Great Britain; and while, as far as we know, the relations of the latter with all European nations are of the most pacific character, she is making unusual and most extraordinary armaments and warlike preparations, naval and military, both at home and in her North American possessions.

It cannot be disguised that, however sincere may be the desire of peace, in the event of a rupture these armaments and preparations would be used against our country. Whatever may have been the original purpose of these preparations, the fact is undoubted that they are now proceeding, in part, at least, with a view to the contingent possibility of a war with the United States. The general policy of making additional warlike preparations was distinctly announced, in the speech from the throne, as late as January last, and has since been reiterated by the ministers of the crown in both houses of Parliament. Under this aspect of our relations with Great Britain, I cannot doubt the propriety of increasing our means of defence, both by land and sea. This can give Great Britain no cause of offence, nor increase the danger of a rupture. If, on the contrary, we should fold our arms in security, and at last be involved in hostilities for the maintenance of our just rights, without any adequate preparation, our responsibility to the country would be of the gravest character. Should collusion between the two countries be avoided, as I sincerely trust it may be, the additional charge upon the treasury, in making the necessary preparations will not be lost; while, in the event of such a collusion, they would be indispensable for the maintenance of our national rights and national honor.

I have seen no reason to change or modify the recommendation of my annual message in regard to the Oregon question. The notice to abrogate the treaty of the 6th of August, 1827, is authorized by the treaty itself, and cannot be regarded as a warlike measure; and I cannot withhold my strong conviction that it should be promptly given. The other recommendations are in conformity with the existing treaty, and would afford to the American citizens in Oregon no more than the same measure of protection which has long since been extended to British subjects in that territory.

The state of our relations with Mexico is still in an unsettled condition. Since the meeting of Congress another revolution has taken place in that country, by which the government has passed into the hands of new rulers. This event has procrastinated, and may probably defeat, the settlement of the differences between the United States and that country. The minister of the United States to Mexico, at the date of the latest advices, had not been received by the existing authorities. Demonstrations of a character hostile to the United States continue to be made in Mexico, which rendered it proper, in my judgment, to keep nearly two-thirds of our army on the southwestern frontier. In doing this, many of the regular military posts have been reduced to a small force, inadequate to their defence should an emergency arise.

In view of these "circumstances," it is my "judgment," that "an increase of our naval and military force is at this time required," to place the country in a suitable state of defence. At the same time, it is my settled purpose to pursue such a course of policy as may be best calculated to preserve, both with Great Britain and Mexico, an honorable peace; which nothing will so effectually promote an unanimity in our councils, and a firm maintenance of all our just rights.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, March 24, 1846.

WANTED.—Nos. 14 and 20 of Vol. 6, and No. 7 Vol. 2, for which 12½ cents each will be given at this office.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 91-4 a 93-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1846.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

Being now nearly at the completion of the *Sixth* Volume of our Journal, "The Anglo American," we would ask your indulgence whilst we cast a look of retrospection upon our past labours, upon the manner in which they have been received, and upon the manifestation of public opinion with regard to them.

It is about three years since we put forth the Prospectus of our undertaking, which was quickly followed by the appearance of the Work itself. This was at a juncture considered unfavourable both by our private friends and by the Public generally. Nevertheless, having formed our determination, we carried it into execution and resolutely persevered in it; not from any arrogant assumptions of our own superiority in talent or intelligence, but in the hope that diligence, industry, economy, and perseverance, would in the end be acknowledged and in fair degree rewarded.

Without dwelling longer, at present, upon this topic, we proceed to say that we have steadily proceeded, up to the present time, carefully and anxiously endeavouring to make our Journal worthy of public support, a succession of hebdomadal publication fit for domestic reading, and, leaving the idea of present profit quite out of question, have sought to prove that The Anglo American is stable in its foundation, and faithful in its principles. We have an honest pride in asserting that, almost from the very moment of commencement, we have been in receipt of the warmest encomiums upon both the contents and the general appearance of the Journal.

There were other popular journals in existence, with large subscription lists, when we commenced our undertaking; these were upon the same terms as those which have thus far been ours; yet these, with all their popularity and extensive circulation could not yield a sustaining profit to their proprietors, and they have successively come to an end. But *our* great end hitherto has been A Probation, we have not looked, thus far, to pecuniary advantage; we have been desirous of shewing what we could do, and our ability to persevere. The dread of the ephemeral existence of a new Periodical,—a matter so notoriously and so lamentably frequent—is a great hindrance in the outset, and not unfrequently smothers a design which has been otherwise well concocted; hence, we venture to flatter ourselves that, at the end of our Sixth Volume, we have many a kind friend and well-wisher who, at the beginning, would have felt unwilling to contribute in support of a design, which like so very many others might be destined to an early frustration.

Our Seventh Volume will be commenced on Saturday the 25th of April ensuing; it will be printed with a new and elegant type cast expressly for the Journal; with our enlarged connexion and field of action we have called to our aid additional literary, political, and scientific talent, to furnish forth approved matter for perusal; and we shall, from time to time, as fit occasion shall require, give approved illustrations, of wood or other engravings, to accompany the articles to which they shall be deemed necessary or appropriate.

Up to this time we have presented to our annual Subscribers, *gratuitously*, and without any obligation to do so, engravings of value, well worthy of being applied to ornament the saloons of those who received them; the subjects of these engravings were—1st. A Portrait of His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French; 2d. A Portrait of George Washington, the first President of the United States; and, 3d. A Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, as in his Study at Abbotsford. We now propose to make such presentation plates an *integral part of our plan*, imperative on our part, and we pledge ourselves that every plate shall be executed in the highest style of art that we can procure.

Our next plate will be one of more than usual merit and magnitude, and, we believe, of high interest in general estimation. It is called "The Army and the Navy;" it represents the Duke of Wellington, then in the very prime of his manhood, and Lord Nelson as he was a short time before his untimely but glorious death; and it purports to be the only interview that ever took place between those distinguished men. It is in the course of execution in mezzotint by the hand of an artist who is unsurpassed in that department of engraving, and we have the most unqualified confidence that it will be esteemed by all who shall possess a copy of it.

With these explanations and arrangements we have now to intimate to our Subscribers and the Public, that it will be altogether necessary to alter our terms of Subscription to **FOUR DOLLARS** per annum, and we rely upon their sense of justice to sustain us in a course which, even under flattering circumstances, can yield us no more than a decent living profit. Our Journal will still be the cheapest, and, we hope we may say, one of the best that is published upon this continent, and it will be our most anxious care to improve it in every way that our own experience or the approved suggestions of friends can desire.

Our Colonial friends have hitherto been at some disadvantage with respect to postage, as compared with those in the United States, but we have taken measures to put both upon an equal footing; and, from the commencement of the forth-coming volume their copies of the Anglo American will be delivered at the lines, free of American postage.

It is our determination, as in duty bound, to keep perfect faith with our pre-

sent Subscribers; they shall receive the paper up to the termination of their present subscription, *after which*, should they favour us with the continuance of their patronage, the terms will be **Four Dollars** per annum. But all *new* subscriptions after the date of the present address will be upon the terms here described.

We beg to return our sincere and grateful thanks to the friends who have so liberally promoted our enterprise to the present juncture; and, in the confidence that they will still continue their countenance and support, we respectfully conclude.

In our columns of to-day we have given the principal speeches in the *monstrous* debate on Commercial Relations. Before we enter upon our humble remarks on the subject, it will be proper for us to look directly in the face an objection which will doubtless be made by some readers of our report,—viz., that the speeches are all on one side of the question. We grant it—with sorrow and regret we grant it—for never in the whole course of our experience have we met with so singular a novelty as this, that in a Parliamentary debate which occupied twelve long nights, the talent and the argument should be so decidedly "all on one side" that we could not select a solitary address from the other that would not be sheerly contemptible. We painfully tried to discover a speech made by a Protectionist, that was not vapid, stale, a repetition of already controverted assertions, and containing at least some little originality. We anxiously did this, in order to avoid the suspicion of being one-sided ourselves—but in vain; and therefore not in compassion to the Protectionists as a body, but in mercy to the Speakers individually we have passed them by, conscious that our readers will perceive sufficiently, in the speeches here given, the nature of the objections offered on the other side, and clearly the advantages pertaining to the grand project now propounded.

In fact, to use a hunting expression, "the fox is run to earth, and the stoppers have been there before him;" he is showing his teeth as if to stand at bay, but his tail droops and his career is all but closed. It is in vain that railing journalists, like him of *The London Britannia*, turn round and abuse in Billingsgate language the minister who not long since was the god of their idolatry; it is in vain that, conscious there is no more to be said on the abstract merits of their side of the question, they assert that Sir R. Peel individually had not the right to advocate the abolition of the Corn Laws; it is in vain that in one page they utter bitter reproaches against the Protectionists for being so inert, and in the next utter the strongest assurances that the Lords will cut short the career of madness with which the Premier seems to be attacked;—all these are but so many tokens of despair, and thus sound the knell of the devoted Corn Laws.

A great cry is made about Sir R. Peel's breach of faith towards both his constituents and his party, in putting forth a hand to demolish that which he was pledged to defend. We again for the hundredth time say that fallible man is liable to erroneous impressions which experience and after-convictions may correct, else, wherefore is reason given? As an honest man to his country and to his conscience he is bound to act upon his convictions rather than upon party obligations; and this he may do without violation of his pledges. Mr. Bright's remarks hereon were calculated fully to exonerate the Hon. Baronet from any reflections of that sort, except from prejudiced losers and from those who translate self obstinacy into the word Consistency. The whole world must have perceived that the notions of Sir R. Peel were gradually assuming more and more an aspect of liberality; it has been matter of remark in every journal whether friendly or hostile to the party of which he was the head; and at length, when the necessities of the people made it imperative that his increasing experience should manifest itself practically, he addressed himself to his colleagues in office and to the leaders of the Conservative party, setting forth the obligations which lay upon his convictions, as to the proper mode of alleviating a dreadfully threatening and almost immediate calamity, and at the same time of placing commerce itself upon a basis such as these enlightened times had revealed. They shrunk from his support, and he resigned his office. With that resignation he gave up all responsibility; he became free to pursue any course that his wisdom, sagacity, and patriotism should dictate, and, when the other party in the state, and even his own late colleagues found themselves utterly unable to guide the helm of the state, and it became necessary to require "the Pilot who (will have) weathered the storm," surely he came back unfettered in action, except by his duty to his Sovereign, to employ his wisdom and zeal in warding off present impending calamities from her subjects, and in placing the affairs of an emphatically commercial nation upon a liberal and firm basis, conducing to its glory and prosperity, and being an ensample to all the world.

Now, we may be assured that, in the emergency to which we have alluded, the Dukes of Buckingham, Richmond, and Newcastle, the protectionist peers of lower rank, and the great landlords not of the Peerage, would have struggled hard to make up a ministry to the exclusion of Peel and his measure of Commercial Reform, if they had not felt heavy misgivings as to the results. They would even have rejoiced in the making up of a Whig Cabinet, as believing themselves competent to defeat the measure if brought forward under Whig auspices. They felt therefore, and now feel, that the doom of their cherished principle was pronounced when Sir Robert's return was found necessary; they know it, still later, as past a doubt; for after the many conscientious resignations or offers of resignation on the part of representatives whose opinions have changed on that subject, the minister exhibits a majority of 97 in the People's house. Dare the obstructive Lords resist such an exhibition? Dare they, in the face of this, throw the whole country into confusion by that which

would inevitably follow—a dissolution of Parliament! We believe that selfish as many in the landed interest in too many instances are, they have not thrown patriotism so far behind them as to commit themselves so recklessly, nor indeed would they think it quite *safe* to hazard the experiment.

An article in Frazer's Magazine of this month offers, in one short sentence, an epitome of the logic used by the Protectionists. Speaking of the "comparative wisdom or folly of the restrictive and the free-trade systems," the writer says, "A great deal is to be said for both, and a great deal against both. In favour of the restrictive system it may be fairly urged, that with it, and therefore by means of it, the country rose to the pitch of prosperity and greatness at which we find it." Was ever such a consequence offered to the understanding of a reasoning mind! We should say that "with it, and even in spite of it, the country," &c. We should as soon assent to the syllogism that, a certain enterprising man is supposed to have an inveterate habit of intemperance, yet "that with it, and therefore by means of it," his affairs increased in prosperity.

Folly and inconsistency, ravings and selfishness, are the marks which prominently identify the Protectionists both in speech and action. One mark of wisdom, however, or at least of cunning, is perceptible in them. We do not find the question of Reduced Rents ever alluded to. It is there the shoe pinches, it is in order to retain the present rate of rents that they are now labouring, and they already perceive these to be oozing away to their proper level. They have long tried to shirk this very important point, by returning proportions of rent at intervals when they knew that to exact *all* would be fatal to their system, and tried to write a character for liberality, in doing that which for their own sakes they dared not leave undone. But no great landholder has had the liberality to say "the system of Rents is too high in our country, I will assist my tenants by reducing their rents to a reasonable standard, my example may induce others to follow it; the agriculturists will feel sensibly relieved, lower prices of agricultural produce will ensue, yet they will still be able to pay their rents; I shall myself derive advantage through my decreased expenditure, the commerce of the country will have its share of the benefits, and Corn Laws will be unnecessary even on the score of protection." No step of this kind has yet been taken or proposed. "A bird in hand," says the Protectionist, "is worth two in the bush, and my head is not clear enough yet to perceive these prospective advantages; I have, at least nominally, a high rent now for my property, and I will not give up present possession in the expectation that a lower scale of receipts will go quite as far in future expenditure. As for trade, let it take care of itself."

We were unable to do more with respect to the Anglo-Indian affairs last week than merely to give the official accounts of the battles which took place at Moodkee and Ferozeshah. Farther examination into the details induces certain doubts as to the manner of proceeding adopted by both the Governor-General of British India and the Commander-in-chief there. On the present face of things it would appear that they were somewhat dilatory in their arrangements for checking the advance of the Sikhs, deficient in ordnance for such a purpose as they must have known theirs to be, and distressing an army of less than a third of the enemy in numerical strength, by the necessity of going into immediate action after a forced march of 150 miles in five days—in India!

This, we say, appears the case at the first blush of the matter, and before due explanations shall be made; but the British Press speak out very strongly, and, that too of every party in politics. Not that they think of disparaging the bravery and zeal of those who fought in these two fearful engagements; on the contrary it is impossible to look upon the actions themselves without admiration and astonishment at the valour, constancy, and determination with which victory was achieved against odds so great and advantages so disproportionate; but the victories are thought to have been bought at too dear a rate, when they put upwards of 3000 valiant men *hors de combat*, and it is believed that greater promptitude and better preparation might have been equally effective in the general results, and not nearly so destructive of brave men's lives.

We know not whether it was to stifle enquiry as to this, or whether it was with the deliberate promptness with which public thanks should be offered for a great martial exploit, but it is not improbable that the speech of the Duke of Wellington in the Lords and that of the Premier in the Commons, upon the motion of Thanks to the Anglo Indian Army will tend, not a little, to repress a too keen enquiry into that which, at worst, can have been but an error in judgment.

We quote below the remarks of the London Spectator on this affair, as being cool and dispassionate, and an epitome of the general sentiment in England at present. As for the war itself in the Northwest of India, it is but beginning, nor do we now either expect or wish it to end, until the whole of the Punjab shall be within the Anglo-Indian jurisdiction.

"The narratives of the 'transactions' on the banks of the Sutlej, received by the mail from India this week, are but half intelligible. Great events there have been; but conjecture fails to divine what brought them about, or what will be the upshot. A mere enumeration of the main features of the history will exhibit the anomalous character of the case as it appears on the face of the documents.

"For years the Sikh territory in the Punjab had been in a state of intestine commotion; a doubtful neighbour, and the object of suspicious vigilance on the part of the British Government. For months an 'army of observation' had been 'concentrating' on the banks of the Sutlej; and the Governor-General joined it in November. There was no appearance here of deficient preparation. The Political Agent at Lahore was instructed to demand concessions; the demand was spurned; and Major Broadfoot withdrew from the negotiations. No want of warning there. The Great army that really governed Lahore moved towards the river frontier, and the movement was noto-

rious to the remotest quarters of the British dominions. They crossed the Sutlej, making the passage from the 11th to the 14th of December, with some eighty or a hundred thousand fighting men and about a hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. "of the largest calibre moveable in the field, and exquisitely finished,—an artillery immeasurably more powerful than was ever brought into the field by Wellington or Napoleon." The passage of this host across the river was unchecked, unchallenged. Ferozepore, the most advanced military post of the British, was menaced. Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, and Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in Chief, hastened from Umballa to support the garrison at Ferozepore: in spite of terrible forced marches, only a portion of their strength came up in time; and the men, parched with thirst for want of water, and sinking with fatigue, were led at once against an assailing foe. A doubtful success on the 18th December was followed by a doubtful suspension of hostilities on the 19th and 20th; but on the 21st and 22d continuously was waged one of the most remarkable contests in the military history of the country: the Sikh body on the field is estimated at sixty thousand, with some hundred guns; it was strongly intrenched: the British, barely a third of the number, had few guns, and those of light metal: the enemy was attacked, with immense slaughter on both sides: the guns of the Sikhs inflicted frightful carnage, even in the night: from those guns they were driven at the point of the bayonet: but even after the British had taken possession of the encampment, the slaughter among our troops was kept up by the springing of secret mines. The sequel of this extraordinary tale is as wonderful as any part: the Sikhs brought forward a fresh army of reserve: the British forces opposed to them were without ball for their cannon; the enemy was attacked with an exhausted cavalry: nevertheless, we read that, in some unexplained way, the Sikhs had taken fright, and were in full flight across the Sutlej.

"Several anxious questions arise from the perusal of the narrative. What, for instance, could the British commanders be about, when the Sikh forces were suffered to cross the frontier? One apologist suggests, that as it was impossible to tell at what point they would cross, particularly whether they would cross at Ferozepore or Ludiana, the most central position for the defence of either was chosen, namely at Umballa—about a hundred and fifty miles from the lower crossing-place. So far good; but then, how came these hostilities, which had been brewing for years, and the immediate approach of which was heralded by such unmistakeable signs, to take the British Generals so utterly by surprise? How came the British forces, which has been for months 'concentrating,' to be so totally unconcentrated? how came the army of the Sutlej, which Government had been for months preparing, to be so totally unprepared? How came the English to be so destitute of artillery—the very arm of European warfare; knowing, too, that the Sikhs had been drilled by French officers, and were admirably furnished with guns of the best workmanship and heaviest metal?

"These questions we cannot answer without further information. An explanation may perhaps dissipate the very unpleasant suspicions that now, to be plain, hang around all concerned. Not the least remarkable fact is Sir Henry Hardinge's appearance as *second* in command at the battle of Ferozeshah; where he had scarcely any right to risk the person of the Governor-General at all. Gross mistake must surely have been committed somewhere. It is possible, indeed, that one thing may have taken the Generals by surprise without entailing any technical reflection on their professional abilities—there may have been, on the part at least of the Sikhs, a thorough and unforeseen change of policy.

. The papers descriptive of Bermuda, two of which have already appeared, will be resumed with the first number of the Seventh Volume of this Journal.

. The exceedingly crowded state of our News Columns compels us to omit all remarks on Literary, Musical, Dramatical, or on Fine Arts subjects, except that we would remind Musical amateurs that the celebrated "Le Desert" having received prolonged attention by Mr. Geo. Loder, will positively be performed on Thursday the 2d April, together with Mr. Loder's highly approved Overture called "Marmion."—(See Advertisement)

This Day is Published

PART X.

OF

DR. ALEXANDER FLETCHER'S
DEVOTIONAL FAMILY BIBLE.

THIS Part is illustrated by a Steel Engraving of "THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE," after a sketch taken on the spot by W. H. BARTLETT, Esq. The Publisher need not quote the numerous favourable notices this work has received from the body of the Press, as all agree in considering it the most elegant edition of the HOLY SCRIPTURES ever published.—Published by
GEO. VIRTUE, (late R. Martin & Co.) 26 John Street.

THE DESERT.

MR. GEORGE LODER respectfully announces to the public of New York, his intention to give, on THURSDAY, April 2d, at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, the chief d'œuvre of the great modern French Composer, FELICIEN DAVID, "THE DESERT!" a grand Ode Symphony, in three parts, interspersed with Recitations, Arias, Choruses, and Orchestral Symphonies, upon a scale of magnitude hitherto unprecedented.

The performance will commence with the Concert Overture to MARMION, composed and dedicated to the New York Philharmonic Society, by Mr. G. LODER. After which, LE DESERT, by Felicien David. The Recitations and Solos, by Mr. ROBERT GEORGE PAIGE. To conclude with a grand FESTIVAL OVERTURE, by Lindpainter.

Being one of the greatest performances ever advertised in New York. Tickets 50 cents—to be obtained at the various Music Stores, and of H. Meiggs, 446 Broadway.

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of Gentlemen, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every attention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satisfactory references will be given and expected.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

39 Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

BELL & INGLIS,

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Dec. 5, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I wish you to add my testimony to the host of others that you have, in favour of your valuable Pills. In the year 1838, I was attacked with that disagreeable complaint, the DYSPEPSIA, which so affected me that I could not take the least particle of food, without the most unpleasant and uncomfortable sensations in my chest, head, and bowels. My chest was so sore that I could not bear the slightest pressure without giving me pain. My health was most miserable; many physicians told me they thought I was in the Consumption, and that if I did not give up my business, and change climate, I could live but a short time.

I tried every thing in the shape of medicine, and consulted the most skillful physicians, but found no permanent relief. I became discouraged, gloomy, sad, and sick of life; and, probably, ere this, should have been in my grave, had I not felt in with your precious medicine. A friend of mine, who had been sick of the same complaint, advised me to try your Pills; but, having tried most other medicines without obtaining any relief, had but little faith that your Pills would be of benefit to me; but, at his earnest solicitation, I procured a box and commenced taking them.

The first box produced little or no effect, and I began to despond, for fear that your medicine would prove like others I have taken; but my friends argued that one was not a fair trial, and I purchased a second, and before I had taken the whole box I began to experience a change; the pain in my chest began to be less painful, and my food did not distress me as much as formerly. I went on taking them until I had taken six boxes, and my Dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished, and I felt like a "new creature." I was then, and am now, a healthy man. I have never since been troubled with the Dyspepsia. I have administered your Pills to the members of my family, and to my friends, and in all cases with good success. You can publish this if it will be of any use to you.—I am, dear sir, truly yours,

J. I. COOK, Publisher of the State Banner.

CONTAGIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished, as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the human frame, it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months of sickness.

HOW TO GET HEALTH.—Thousands of persons continue to cure themselves of Colds, Coughs, Headaches, Rheumatic Affections, Small Pox, Measles, Costiveness, Influenza, and the host of those indications of the body of the blood being out of order, simply by perseveringly using BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, so long as any symptoms of derangement in any organ remain. Often, by adopting this course, which experience has proved according to Nature, it being merely assisting her, have many in a few days been restored to health, who, but for Brandreth's Pills had been sick for months. The value of this medicine is beyond price.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are entirely Vegetable and made on those principles which long experience has proved correct. It is now no speculation, when they are resorted to in sickness, for they are known to be the best cleansers of the stomach and bowels, and in all dyspeptic and bilious cases they are a great blessing. Let every family keep these PILLS in the house. If faithfully used when there is occasion for medicine, it will be very seldom that a Doctor will be required. In all cases of cold, cough, or rheumatism, the afflicted owe it to their bodies to use these Pills.

HEALTH! O BLESSED HEALTH! Thou art above all gold and treasures; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul—and openeth all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to have thee not, wants every thing beside. Let us be thankful Brandreth's Pills will give us health—get then these blessed Pills, which a century's use has fully established to be the best medicine ever bestowed on man. For the prevailing colds and coughs, they will be found everything that medicine is capable of imparting.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK will be held at the CITY HOTEL, on Thursday, the 23d April. Members and their friends wishing Tickets for the dinner will please make early application to either of the Stewards, viz.:—H. Brind, 172 Pearl St., Geo. Loder, 97 Crosby St., Chas. Lowther, 402 Washington St., M. Mottram, Pearl St. 121ff.

PURE BEAR'S OIL.

THE ONLY BEAUTIFIER AND PRESERVER OF THE HAIR.



THE oldest writers on the subject of the hair have one and all alluded to the properties contained in genuine Bear's Grease, as a preservative and beautifier of "Nature's covering for the head."—Hippocrates, the most ancient medical writer upon this subject, says in his "Treatise on the Parts of the Human Body," "that the fat of the Ursus (Bear) is very nutritive in starting and preserving the roots of the hair of adults, when premature baldness occurs. The inner membranes of the flesh of the bear nearest the skin, are covered with a shining fat which forms the source from whence spring and originate the roots of the hair that covers them so profusely. This is a law of nature, and it follows that the oil produced from the fat of this animal, is very useful to the human race, in leading to the recovery of the hair when prematurely lost."

Surely no greater proof can be adduced as to the value of genuine Bear's Oil for the hair. For years, the pure article has been considered by the most eminent physicians the best remedy for dandruff, falling out or weakness of the hair, and all complaints connected therewith. Great care should be taken in all cases as to the genuineness and purity of the oil. The real article carefully purified and highly perfumed, for sale by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, 100 Fulton Street, corner William, and 77 East Broadway, and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 50 cents for large, and 25 cents for small bottles. 1625-1f

PATENT LAP-WELDED IRON BOILER FLUES,

14½ FEET LONG, AND 1½ INCHES TO 4 INCHES DIAMETER.

THOMAS PROSSER, Patentee.

No. 6 Liberty Street, N. York.

[167-8m*

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.

THE GREAT CURE.

NO pain is comparable to that of the Tooth-ache. All the body may be in health; but this trivial thing, comparatively speaking, excites in a little while the whole frame to anguish. The great question then arises how to relieve it, and in as speedy a manner as possible. The comfort that should be sought for is the CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, a remedy that, while it removes the pain, preserves the teeth, and thus blesses as well as benefits. These drops have been extensively used, and thousands will bear grateful testimony to their value as a speedy and permanent cure for the tooth-ache. Those subject to this horrible pain, should remember that the CLOVE ANODYNE will certainly cure it in one minute, when applied to the affected nerve.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, and sold also at 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway, and sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. 1626.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principio Segars in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. [Ju7-1y.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. [Ap7.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,

Imported and For Sale, Wholesale and Retail,

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 135 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,"—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.

2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.

3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA OF THE "SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is ready.—Complete and bound in 37 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Fb21-2f.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.



THIS Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated Oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful Salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are inflamed, or the ball of the Eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearance of disease after two or three applications.

Dimness of sight caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eye-sight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation has existed for eight years. Inflammation, and soreness caused by blows, contusions, or wounds on the Eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritating nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Price 25 cents.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers Street, (Granite Building), and 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway. And sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. 1628-1f.

STATE CONVENTION.

STATE OF NEW YORK, ss.

WE, the Secretary of State, the Comptroller and the Treasurer of the said State, having formed a Board of State Canvassers, and having in conformity to the provisions of the act entitled "An act recommending a Convention of the People of the State," passed May 13, 1845, canvassed and estimated the whole number of votes or ballots given for and against the said proposed "Convention" at a Central Election held in the said State on the fourth day of November, in the year 1845, according to the certified statements of the said votes or ballots received by the Secretary of State, in the manner directed by the said act, do hereby determine, declare and certify, that the whole number of votes or ballots given under and by virtue of the said act was two hundred and forty-seven thousand, one hundred and seventeen; that of the said number, two hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven votes or ballots were given for the said Convention:—That of the said fifty-seven thousand, thirty-three thousand, eight hundred and sixty votes or ballots were given against the said Convention:—And it appearing by the said canvass that a majority of the votes or ballots given as aforesaid are for a Convention, the said canvassers do farther Certify and Declare that a Convention of the people of the said State will be called accordingly; and that an election for Delegates to the said Convention will be held on the last Tuesday day of April, in the year 1846, to meet in Convention at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the first Monday in June, 1846, pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act of the Legislature.

Given under our hands at the Secretary of State's Office, in the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State,

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller,

BENJAMIN ENOS, Treasurer.

I certify the preceding to be a true copy of an original certificate of the Board of State Canvassers, on file in this office.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, January 28th, 1846.
To the Sheriff of the County of New York:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the act entitled, "An act recommending a Convention of the People of this State, passed May 13, 1845," an election will be held on the last Tuesday of April next, in the several cities and counties of this State, to choose Delegates to the Convention to be held pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act and certificate above recited.

The number of Delegates to be chosen in the county of New York will be the same as the number of Members of Assembly from the said county. Respectfully yours,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, February 7, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. VI., title 2d, article 2d, part 1st, page 140. [161]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, 26 Sept.	SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster, 11th Nov.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.	GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.
ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.	ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.	SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.

These ships are all of the best class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1/2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
WATERLOO.	W. H. Allen.	Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11	Dec. 26, Apr. 26, Aug. 26
JOHN R. SKIDDY.	Wm. Skiddy.	Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11	Jan. 26, May 26, Sept. 26
STEPHEN WHITNEY.	Thompson.	Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11	Feb. 26, Jun. 26, Oct. 26
VIRGINIAN.	C. A. Heirn.	Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11	Mar. 26, Jul. 26, Nov. 26

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My24-ly.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton.	H. Huttleston.	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21
Patrick Henry.	J. C. Delano.	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21
Independence.	F. P. Allen.	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21
Henry Clay.	Exra Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL on the 1st, 10th and 20th of every month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James.	F. R. Meyers.	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	1 Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland.	R. H. Griswold.	10, 10, 10	10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator.	R. L. Bunting.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator.	J. M. Chadwick.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	10, 20, 20
Switzerland.	S. Knight.	10, 10, 10	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec.	F. B. Hebard.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria.	E. E. Morgan.	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	10, 20, 20
Wellington.	D. Chadwick.	10, 10, 10	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson.	G. Moore.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert.	W. S. Sebor.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	10, 20, 20
Toronto.	E. G. Tinker.	10, 10, 10	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster.	Hovey.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My21-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge.	W. C. Barstow.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England.	S. Bartlett.	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford.	J. Rathbone.	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lower.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	1 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe.	A. G. Furber.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	1 Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York.	Thos. B. Cropper.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	1 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia.	G. A. Cole.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	1 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 36 Burling-slip, N. Y.,

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

This medicine has in many thousand instances brought health and returning vigor to the weak and languid frame. Its operation extends itself to the remotest transactions of the general system, and consists in removing diseased action in the absorbing and secreting vessels.

The blood contains the elements of the whole animal structure—flesh and fibre, glands, muscles, tendons, the nails, the hair, and even the bones themselves, are all sustained by the blood. Well, then, may it be called the stream of life. In proportion to the purity of fluid will be that of the substance into which it is continually changing. Corrupt blood instead of producing healthy flesh, is likely enough to develop sores and ulcers. When these appear, whether in the specific form of Scrofula, in all its multifarious and disgusting shapes, or eruptions in all their disgusting variety, rheumatism, bilious disorders, general relaxation and debility, and a host of complaints arising from disordered secretions, there is no detergent, it is believed, that will so rapidly neutralize the virus in the blood from which they spring and effect a radical cure as this preparation.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha:—

BERKSHIRE, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands:—I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of Scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,
REV. WM. GALUSHA.

NEW-YORK, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.—Yours very truly,
SARAH MINTYRE, 240 Delancy-st., N. York.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N. Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkle, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J119-4f.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen:—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. B. Williams, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases. (Signed)
S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents:—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much. Yours respectfully,
WM. H. HACKETT
Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir:—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedies after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia. Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen:—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and smothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information. JOSEPH BARBOUR.
Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (Mr 15-4)

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY
J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. T. J. WILLISTON, Nov 8-ly. No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up Stairs.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street.—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. (G) A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. (My24-ly.)